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TENNYSON'S MEN AND WOMEN



BY ROSE PORTER



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Alfred, Lord Tennyson's Men and Women

AN EVERY DAY
BOOK

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Chosen and Arranged by Rose Porter

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Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

Love Thou Thy Land.



Juvenilia.

January 1.

MEN.

When first the world began,
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,
And in the sixth she moulded man.

She gave him mind, the lordliest
Proportion, and, above the rest,
Dominion in the head and breast.

The Two Voices.

WOMEN.

Women smile with saint-like glances
Like thine own mother's. . . .

Mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining thro'.

Supposed Confessions.

January 2.

MEN.

He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold
lie

Juvenilia.

Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common
earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the
tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

Lines to —

WOMEN.

She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace.
The Lady of Shalott.

January 3.

MEN.

The years with change advance;
If I make dark my countenance
I shut my life from happier chance.
The Two Voices.

WOMEN.

Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane

Juvenilia.

Of her still-spirit; locks not wide-dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood.
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

Isabel.

January 4.

MEN.

Tho' I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men, thro' novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not.

The Two Voices.

WOMEN.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage character'd in gold

Juvenilia.

Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey,
A hate of gossip-parlance, and of sway
. . . Thro' all her placid life
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

Isabel.

January 5.

MEN.

Wide in soul and bold of tongue . . .
. . . I sung the joyful Pæan clear,
Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life . . .
. . . To search through all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law;

Juvenilia.

At least, not rotting like a weed,
But, having sown some generous seed
Fruitful of further thought and deed, . . .

. . . In some good cause, not in mine own
To perish, wept for, honor'd, known
And like a warrior overthrown.

The Two Voices

WOMEN.

Faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

The Two Voices.

January 6.

MEN.

Some have striven
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven;
Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam. . . .
. . . Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forebore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

The Two Voices

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown
To left and right, and made appear
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
Her melancholy eyes, divine,
The home of woe without a tear.

Mariana In the South.

January 7.

MEN.

It is man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length,
Truth may stand forth unmoved of change
An image with profulgent brows.

Supposed Confessions.

WOMEN.

Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee!
Who lets his rosy fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.

Juvenilia.

. . . Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows
Propt on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listened to thy vows,
For me outpour'd in holiest prayer.

Supposed Confessions.

January 8.

MEN.

With a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, "The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things."
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

A Character.

WOMEN.

Thou are not steep'd in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
. . . Thro' light and shadow thou dost
range,
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of flitting change.

Madeline.

Juvenilia.

January 9.

MEN.

He spake of beauty; that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirits in air;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue, not the gods
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by;
And with a sweeping of the arm
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye
Devolved his rounded periods.

A Character.

WOMEN.

A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride.

The Bridesmaid.

January 10.

MEN.

Most delicately hour by hour
He canvass'd human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,

Juvenilia.

And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

A Character.

WOMEN.

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore.

Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles; but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleetest?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?

Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow
Light-glooming over eyes divine,
Like little clouds, sun-fringed, are thine,
Ever varying Madeline.

Madeline.

January II.

MEN.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold;
Upon himself himself did feed;
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

A Character.

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

Thy smile and frown are not aloof
From one another,
Each to each is dearest brother;
Hues of the silken sheeny woof
Momently shot into each other.
All the mystery is thine,
Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore,
Ever varying Madeline.

Madeline.

January 12.

MEN.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.
Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seeds of men and growth of minds.

Love Thou Thy Land.

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

You care not for another's pains,
Because you are the soul of joy,
Bright metal all without alloy
Life shoots and glances thro' your veins,
And flashes off a thousand ways,
Thro' lips and eyes in subtle rays.
Rosalind.

January 13.

MEN.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love.
He saw thro' life and death, thro' good
and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul,
The marvel of the everlasting will
An open scroll.
The Poet.

WOMEN.

A maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have
kiss'd.
Ode to Memory.

Juvenilia.

January 14.

MEN.

Watch what main-currents draw the years;
Cut Prejudice against the grain;
But gentle words are always gain.

Love Thou Thy Land.

WOMEN.

O sweet, pale Margaret,
O rare, pale Margaret.
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak
That dimples your transparent cheek,
Encircles all the heart. . . .

Margaret.

Juvenilia.

January 15.

MEN.

Regard the weakness of thy peers;
Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise;
It grows to guerdon after-days;
Nor deal in watch-words over much.
Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Nor master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm;
And in its season bring the law.

Love Thou Thy Land.

WOMEN.

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmed sea,
Laid by the tumult of the fight.
You are the evening star, alway
Remaining betwixt dark and light;
Lull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow light
Float by you on the verge of night.

Margaret.

Juvenilia.

January 16.

MEN.

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood.

Not yet; the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt;
But with his hand against the hilt
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace
Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away.

Love Thou Thy Land.

WOMEN.

Served by man and maid
She felt her heart grow prouder.

The Goose.

January 17.

MEN.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind;

Juvenilia.

For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

The Poet's Mind.

WOMEN.

Whence that aery bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in his sad decline,
And a rose-bush leans upon.
Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
Looking at the set of day.
Or a phantom two hours old
Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
Spiritual Adeline?

Adeline.

January 18.

MEN.

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

Love Thou Thy Land.

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine.
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating, flaxen hair.
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast.
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?
Adeline.

January 19.

MEN.

Looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face.
The Two Voices.

WOMEN.

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?

Juvenilia.

Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or in stillest evening
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dew?
Or when little airs arise
How the mossy bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreamy, Adeline?

Adeline.

January 20.

MEN.

Forerun thy peers, thy time . . .
'Twere better not to breathe or speak
Than cry for strength, remaining weak.
The Two Voices.

WOMEN.

How many full-sail'd verse express,
How many measured words adore
The full-flowing harmony

Juvenilia.

Of thy swan-like stateliness.
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness.
For in thee
Is nothing sudden, nothing single
Like two streams of incense free.
From one censer in one shrine,
Thought and motion mingle,
Mingle ever. Motions flow
To one another, even as tho'
They were modulated so
To an unheard melody
Which lives about thee. . .

Eleanore.

January 21.

MEN.

Why suffers human life so soon eclipse?
For I could burst into a psalm of praise.
Seeing the heart so wondrous in her ways,
E'en scorn looks beautiful on human lips!
I thank Thee, God, that Thou hast made
me live.

Life.

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

Thy woes are birds of passage, transitory.
Thy spirit circled with a living glory.

Lasting Sorrow.

January 22.

MEN.

'Clear-headed friend, whose joyful scorn,
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
The knots that tangle human creeds,
The wounding cords that bind and strain
The heart until it bleeds.

Ray-fringed eyelids of the moon
Roof not a glance so keen as thine.

To —

WOMEN.

The form, the form alone is eloquent!
A nobler yearning never broke her rest.
Than but to dance and sing, be gayly drest,
And win all eyes with all accomplishments.
For ah! the slight coquette, she cannot love.
And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years
She still would take the praise and care no
more.

Poland.

Juvenilia.

January 23.

MEN.

The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

WOMEN.

A lady. . .
Stillter than chisell'd marble, . . .
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.
A Dream of Fair Women.

January 24.

MEN.

Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily;
But spurr'd at heart with fireiest energy
To embattail and to wall about thy cause
With iron-worded proof. . . .
To J. M. K.

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign
power.

Yet not for power! Power of herself
Would come uncall'd for! But to live by law.
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

CEnone

January 25.

MEN.

Who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow, wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead dryly curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without
And full of dealing with the world.

I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest — gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole.

The Miller's Daughter.

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

January 26.

MEN.

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold.
Lines to —

WOMEN.

Merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet
words.
The Sea-Fairies.

January 27.

MEN.

Wild words wander here and there:
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused.
A Dirge.

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

When I see thee roam with tresses uncon-
fined,
While the amorous, odorous wind
Breathes low between the sunset and the
moon;

Or, in a shadowy saloon,
On silken cushions half reclined,
I watch thy grace, and in its place
My heart a charm'd slumber keeps,
While I muse upon thy face.

Eleanore

January 28.

MEN.

Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow:
Ev'n as the warm gulf-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the Northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico.

To J. M. K.

WOMEN.

A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife. . . .

To the Queen.

Juvenilia.

January 29.

MEN.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.
'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller

The Two Voices.

WOMEN.

It is the miller's daughter
And she has grown so dear so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear.
For hid in ringlets day and night
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.
And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

The Miller's Daughter.

Juvenilia.

January 30.

MEN.

Why not believe? . . . Why not . . .
Anchor thy frailty there, where man
Hath moor'd and rested?

Supposed Confessions.

WOMEN.

Beauty, good and knowledge, are three
sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.

Lines to —

January 31.

MEN.

Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death, and things that seem
And things that be, analyze
Our double nature, and compare
All creeds till we have found the one?

Supposed Confessions.

Juvenilia.

WOMEN.

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? Whom waitest thou
With thy soften'd shadow'd brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine
Thou faint smiler?

Adeline.

February.

English Idyls and other Poems.

As the husband is, the wife is. . . .

Locksley Hall

English Idyls and other Poems.

February 1.

MEN.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Morte D'Arthur.

WOMEN.

You could not light upon a sweeter thing;
A body slight and round, and like a pear
In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot
Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin
As clean and white as privet when its flowers.
Walking to the Mail.

February 2.

MEN.

This is a shameful thing for man to lie.
Morte D'Arthur.

WOMEN.

Like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasures of the eyes.
Morte D'Arthur.

English Idyls and other Poems.

February 3.

MEN.

Obedience is the bond of rule.

Morte D'Arthur.

WOMEN.

A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summ'd up and closed in little: —

Juliet, she
So light of foot, so light of spirit.

The Gardener's Daughter.

February 4.

MEN.

Vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than the
dream

Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark
East

Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.

The Gardener's Daughter.

English Idyls and other Poems.

WOMEN.

Eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and hair
More black than ash buds in the front of
March.

The Gardener's Daughter.

February 5.

MEN.

He might have sat for Hercules;
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.

The Gardener's Daughter.

WOMEN.

Up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale
had caught
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft,
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the
shape,
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood,
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side, the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist.

English Idyls and other Poems.

Ah, happy shade — and still went moving
down.

But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have
danced

The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mixed with shadow of the common
ground.

The Gardener's Daughter,

February 6.

MEN.

Well his words became him; was he not
A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence
Stored from all flowers?

Edwin Morris.

WOMEN.

The full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her
lips,

And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half
shade,

She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

The Gardener's Daughter.

English Idyls and other Poems.

February 7.

MEN.

More thing are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Morte D'Arthur.

WOMEN.

She looked; but all
Suffused with blushes — neither self-pos-
sessed
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,
Divided in a graceful quiet.

The Gardener's Daughter.

English Idyls and other Poems.

February 8.

MEN.

Nature brings not back the Mastodon,
. . . And why should any man
Remodel models?

Morte D' Arthur.

WOMEN.

The greatest gift,
A woman's heart.

The Gardener's Daughter.

February 9.

MEN.

He
Vex'd with a morbid devil in his blood
That veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his
face
From all men, and communing with himself,
He lost the sense that handles daily life —
That keeps us all in order more or less.

Walking to the Mail.

WOMEN.

She was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turned from her, as a thorn
Turns from the sun.

Audley Court.

English Idyls and other Poems.

February 10.

MEN.

Like men, like manners; like breeds like,
they say,
Kind nature is the best; those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand;
Which are indeed the manners of the great.
Walking to the Mail.

WOMEN.

I take it, God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.
A pretty face is well, and this is well,
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up
And keeps us tight.
Edwin Morris.

February 11.

MEN.

Man is made of solid stuff.
Edwin Morris.

WOMEN.

I would have hid her needle in my heart,
To save her little finger from a scratch

English Idyls and other Poems.

No deeper than the skin; my ears could
hear
Her lightest breath; her least remark was
worth
The experience of the wise.

Edwin Morris.

February 12.

MEN.

What know we of the secrets of a man?
Edwin Morris.

WOMEN.

Light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her.
The Talking Oak.

February 13

MEN.

Sir, you know
That these two parties still divide the
world —
Of those that want and those that have.
Walking to the Mail.

English Idyls and other Poems.

WOMEN.

As the husband is, the wife is, thou art
mated with a clown
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down.

Locksley Hall.

February 14.

MEN.

He knew the names,
Long learned names of agaric, moss and
fern,
Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks.
. . . I call'd him Crichton, for he seem'd
All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.

Edwin Morris.

WOMEN.

Sweetly did she speak and move,
Such a one do I remember, whom to look
at was to love.

Locksley Hall.

English Idyls and other Poems.

February 15.

MEN.

Wait and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed
to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait: My faith is large in
Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.
Will some one say, Then why not ill for
good?
Why took ye not your pastime? To that man
My work shall answer, since I knew the right
And did it; for a man is not as God,
But then most Godlike being most a man.

Love and Duty.

WOMEN.

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a
color and a light
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the
northern night.
And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a
sudden storm of sighs
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark
of hazel eyes.

Locksley Hall.

English Idyls and other Poems.

February 16.

MEN.

Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and
died.

Then follow'd counsel, comfort, and the
words

That make a man feel strong in speaking
truth.

Love and Duty.

WOMEN.

Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

The Day Dream.

February 17.

MEN.

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravel'd world, whose margin
fades

Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end
To rust unburnish'd not to shine in use!

Ulysses.

English Idyls and other Poems.

WOMEN.

Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be.
The Day Dream.

February 18.

MEN.

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
Ulysses.

WOMEN.

On her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
Across the hills and far away,
Beyond this utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.
Day Dreams.

English Idyls and other Poems.

February 19.

MEN.

Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for
all?

Tithonus.

WOMEN.

Go, look in any glass and say,
What moral is in being fair.
Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wild weed flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

The Day Dream.

February 20.

MEN.

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life.

English Idyls and other Poems.

Yearning for the large excitement that the
coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves
his father's field.

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone
before him then

. . . In among the throngs of men.
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of
the things that they shall do.

Locksley Hall.

WOMEN.

Woman is the lesser man and all thy powers
match'd with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine.

Locksley Hall.

February 21.

MEN.

I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with
the process of the suns.

English Idyls and other Poems.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest
of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beats for-
ever like a boy's
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers . . .
And the individual withers, and the world
is more and more.
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and
he bears a laden breast
Full of sad experience, moving toward the
stillness of his rest.

Locksley Hall.

WOMEN.

You shake your head. A random string
Your finer female sense offends.

The Day Dream.

February 22.

MEN.

Any man that walks the mead
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humors lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.

The Day Dream.

English Idyls and other Poems.

WOMEN.

Since the time when Adam first
Embraced his Eve in happy hour,
And every bird of Eden burst
In carol, every bud to flower,
What eyes, like thine, have waken'd hopes;
What lips, like thine, so sweetly form'd?
Where on the double rosebud droops
The fulness of the pensive mind.

The Day Dream.

February 23.

MEN.

Oh, Nature first was fresh to man,
And wanton without measure;
So youthful and so flexile then,
You moved her at your pleasure.
Now, I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil,
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom.
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

Amphion.

English Idyls and other Poems.

WOMEN.

Whisper to your glass and say,
What wonder, if he think me fair?

The Day Dream.

February 24.

MEN.

My strength is the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

Sir Galahad

WOMEN.

Turn your face,
Nor look with that too-earnest eye.

The Day Dream.

February 25.

MEN.

I had hope, by something rare
To prove myself a poet,
But while I plan and plan, my hair
Is gray before I know it.
So fares it since the years began
Till they be gather'd up;

English Idyls and other Poems.

The truth, that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup;
And other's follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

Will Waterproof's Monologue.

WOMEN.

O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
The Lord of Burleigh.

February 26.

MEN.

You might have won the Poet's name,
But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends,
Thro' troops of unrecording friends,
A deedful life, a silent voice.

Lines to —

English Idyls and other Poems.

WOMEN.

She strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirit sank.
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all the duties of her rank.

The Lord of Burleigh.

February 27.

MEN.

Tho' all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood,
There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together.

Will Waterproof's Monologue.

WOMEN.

Slander, meanest spawn of Hell —
And woman's slander is the worst.

The Letters.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

February 28.

MEN.

Ah! When shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea?
The Golden Year.

WOMEN.

In the name of wife
And in the rights that name may give,
Are clasp'd the moral of thy life.
Day Dreams.

March.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

On God and Godlike men we build our trust,
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favor falls!
Sir Galahad.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 1.

MEN.

He that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd.

Sea Dreams.

WOMEN.

Her fresh and innocent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their blue,
That all neglected places of the field
Broke into nature's music when they saw
her.

Aylmer's Field.

March 2.

MEN.

He lean'd not on his fathers, but himself.

Aylmer's Field.

WOMEN.

A maiden of our century, yet most meek:
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse:

English Idyls and Other Poems.

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand:
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the
shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

The Brook.

March 3.

MEN.

Dull and self-involved,
Tall and erect, but bending from his height
With half-allowing smiles for all the world,
And mighty courteous in the main — his
pride

Lay deeper than to wear it in his ring.

Aylmer's Field.

WOMEN.

She — so lowly-lovely and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs

English Idyls and Other Poems.

Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves

To ailing wife or wailing infancy.

Aylmer's Field.

March 4.

MEN.

Sanguine he was; a but less vivid hue
Than of that islet in the chestnut-bloom
Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes, that still
Took note of all things joyful, beam'd
Beneath a manelike mass of rolling gold,
Their best and brightest, when they dwelt
on hers.

Aylmer's Field.

WOMEN.

Edith — whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star between the less
And greater glory varying to and fro,
We knew not wherefore; bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a
day,
A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.

Aylmer's Field.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 5.

MEN.

His full tide of youth
Broke with a charming phosphorescence.

Aylmer's Field.

WOMEN.

The very whitest lamb in all my fold —
. . . . I know her; the worst thought she has
Is whiter even than her pretty hand.

Aylmer's Field.

March 6.

MEN.

A tongue that ruled the hour,
Though seeming boastful.

Aylmer's Field.

WOMEN.

Low was her voice, but won mysterious way
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one
Was all but silence — free of alms her hand—

.
How often placed upon the sick man's brow
Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth!

.
For she walk'd
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love
Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!

Aylmer's Field.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 7.

MEN.

The man
Had risk'd his little — like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulous-
ness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured
him, rogue,
To buy strange shares in some Peruvian
mine.

Sea Dreams.

WOMEN.

His wife — who kept a tender, Christian
hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
“Let not the sun go down upon your
wrath.”
Said, “Love forgive him,” but he did not
speak:
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering her dear Lord who died for
all,

English Idyls and Other Poems.

And musing on the little lives of men
And how they mar this little by their feuds.
Sea Dreams.

March 8.

MEN.

Forgive! How many will say, forgive and
find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer!
Sea Dreams.

WOMEN.

I often grew
Tired of so much within our little life
Or of so little in our little life —
Poor little life that toddles half an hour
Crown'd with a flower or two and then an
end.
Lucretius.

March 9.

MEN.

If there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too.
Sea Dreams.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

WOMEN.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet —

Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? Shall I go?

Ask her to marry me by and by?

Somebody said that she'd say no!

Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?

Ay or no, from shy of the shy?

Go, little letter, apace, apace.

Fly! Fly! to the light in the valley below,

Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye.

Somebody said that she'd say no;

Somebody knows that she'll say ay.

The Window.

March 10.

MEN.

Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,

Rich in saving common-sense,

And, as the grandest only are

In his simplicity, sublime.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

WOMEN.

The woman half turn'd round from him she
loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching thro' the
night
Her other, found — for it was close beside —
And half-embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant
bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling,
sway'd
The cradle, while she sang.

Sea Dreams.

March II.

MEN.

Remember the man
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power,
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low,
Whose life was work, whose language rife,
With rugged maxims hewn from life,
Who never spoke against a foe.

*Ode on the Death of the Duke
of Wellington.*

English Idyls and Other Poems.

WOMEN.

I remember a quarrel I had —
All for a slanderous story, that cost me
 many a tear,
And the parson made it his text that week,
 and he said likewise
That a lie which is half a truth, is ever the
 blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and
 fought with outright
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder
 battle to fight.

The Grandmother.

March 12.

MEN.

Let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state
 Ode on the Death of the Duke
 of Wellington.

WOMEN.

Thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing
And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow ;

English Idyls and Other Poems.

But who love best have best the grace to
know

That Love by right divine is deathless king.

Welcome to Duchess of Edinburgh.

March 13.

MEN.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine.

We might discuss

Whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
Till you should turn to dearer matters
Dear to the man that is dear to God.

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor;
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more.

Lines to Rev. F. D. Maurice.

WOMEN.

You cannot love me at all, if you love not
my good name.

The Grandmother.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 14.

MEN.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who
reign,
From growing commerce loose her latent
chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker
fly
To happy havens under the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed
towers
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and
crown'd with all her flowers.

Ode International Exhibition.

WOMEN.

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded
bowers!

A Welcome to Alexander.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 15.

MEN.

He stood up like a man, and look'd the
thing that he meant —
Kind, like a man was he, like a man, too,
would have his way;
Never jealous — not he

The Grandmother.

WOMEN.

To be sure, the Preacher says, our sins
should make us sad;
But mine is a time of peace, and there is
grace to be had,
And God, not man, is the judge of all when
life shall cease.
And age is a time of peace, so it be free
from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would
not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all; and
long for rest.

The Grandmother.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 16.

MEN.

Life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of war.
Ode International Exhibition.

WOMEN.

Is the goal so far away?
Far, how far, no tongue can say,
Let us dream our dreams to-day.
Ode International Exhibition.

March 17.

MEN.

Though we love kind Peace so well,
We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies.
The Third of February, 1852.

WOMEN.

Fair is her cottage in its place,
And fairer she, but ah! how soon to die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease,
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

Requiescat.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 18.

MEN.

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong;
For him nor moves the loud world's random
 mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock
That, compass'd round with turbulent
 sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

Will.

WOMEN.

This faded leaf, our names are as brief;
What room is left for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

The Spiteful Letter.

March 19.

MEN.

Ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of Heaven-descended
 Will,

English Idyls and Other Poems.

And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary, sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault —
Sown in a wrinkle in the monstrous hill
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

Will.

WOMEN.

Dreams are true while they last, and do we
not live in dreams?

The Higher Pantheism.

March 20.

MEN.

Not once or twice — in our rough island-
story —
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting

English Idyls and Other Poems.

Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

*Ode on the Death of the Duke
of Wellington.*

WOMEN.

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to
right the wrong —

Nay — but she aim'd not at glory, no lover
of glory she:

Give her the glory of going on, and still
to be.

Wages.

March 21.

MEN.

Not once or twice in our fair-island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.

He, that ever following her commands
On with toil of heart and knees and hands
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has
won

His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

*Ode on the Death of the Duke
of Wellington.*

English Idyls and Other Poems.

WOMEN.

Dark is the world to thee, thyself art the
reason why:
For is He not all but thou, that hast power
to feel "I am I?"
Speak to Him then, for He hears, and
spirit with spirit can meet
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
than hands and feet.

The Higher Pantheism.

March 22.

MEN.

God is law, say the wise: O Soul, and let
us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet
His voice.
Law is God, say some: No God at all, says
the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight
staff bent in a pool.
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the
eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision —
were it not He?

The Higher Pantheism.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

WOMEN.

Dear, near an true —
Dearer and nearer as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honoring your sweet faith in
him,
May trust himself; and after praise and
scorn,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise.

A Dedication.

March 23.

MEN.

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.

The Captain.

WOMEN.

“ Your ringlets, your ringlets,
That look so golden-gay,
If you will give me one, but one,
To kiss at night and day,
Then never chilling touch of Time
Will turn it silver-gray;
And then I shall know it is all true gold
To flame and sparkle and stream as of old,

English Idyls and Other Poems.

Till all the comets in heaven are cold,
And all her stars decay."

"Then take it, love, and put it by;
This cannot change, nor yet can I."

The Ringlet.

March 24.

MEN.

Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love
To love once and forever.

The Window.

WOMEN.

Men's love and birds' love,
And women's love and men's!
And you my wren with a crown of gold,
You my queen of the wrens!
You the queen of the wrens! —
We'll be birds of a feather,
I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens
And all in a nest together.

The Window.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 25.

MEN.

Winds are loud and winds will pass!

Spring is here with leaf and grass:

Take my love and be my wife.

After-loves of maids and men

Are but dainties drest again:

Love me now, you'll love me then;

Love can live but once a life.

The Window.

WOMEN.

Two little hands that meet

Claspt on her seal, my sweet!

Must I take you and break your

Two little hands that meet?

I must take you, and break you,

And loving hands must part —

Take, take — break, break — Break — you
may break my heart.

Faint heart never won.

Break, break, and all's done.

The Window.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 26.

MEN.

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
Oh, the woods and the meadows
Woods where we hid from the wet,
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met.

The Window.

WOMEN.

Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you great enough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briers.

The Window.

March 27.

MEN.

Gone! and the light gone with her,
And left me in shadow here!
Gone, flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night, and the sun
from the day!

English Idyls and Other Poems.

Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm
in the air!

The Window.

WOMEN.

Vine, vine, and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine!
Rose, rose and clematis
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,
Kiss, kiss, and make her a bower
All of flowers

The Window.

March 28.

MEN.

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,
Look, I come to the test —
Like the skater on ice that hardly bears
him,
Lest I fall unawares before the people,
Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.

Milton.

WOMEN.

I blush to belaud myself a moment —
As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost

English Idyls and Other Poems.

Horticultural art, or half coquette-like
Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

Milton.

March 29.

MEN.

Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme
Who hate each other for a song,
And do their little best to bite.
And strain to make an inch of room
For their sweet selves.
When one small touch of Charity
Could lift them nearer God-like state
Than if the crowned Orb should cry
Like those who cried Diana great.

Literary Squabbles.

WOMEN.

She moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine
bowers,
A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

The Brook.

English Idyls and Other Poems.

March 30.

MEN.

Live thou! and of the grain and husk, the
grape
And ivy berry, choose; and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life, and
find
Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought
Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,
But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the
world.

De Profundis.

WOMEN.

She seem'd a joyous part of spring:
She looked so lovely.

A Fragment.

March 31.

MEN.

We feel we are nothing — for all is Thou
and in Thee:
We feel we are something — that also has
come from Thee:

English Idyls and Other Poems.

We know we are nothing — but Thou will
help us to be.

De Profundis.

WOMEN.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien,
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been.

The Beggar Maid.

April.

Idyls of the King.

The Coming of Arthur.

Gareth and Lynette.

Geraint and Enid.

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false, or false for true,
Here thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

Enid.

Idyls of the King.

April 1.

MEN.

He seems to me
Scarce other than my . . . ideal knight
Who revered his conscience as his king.
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong:
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it:
Who loved one only and who clave to her.

The Coming of Arthur — Dedication.

WOMEN.

Since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights
And many of these in richer arms than he,
She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she saw,
One among many, tho' his face was bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he past,
Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden.

The Coming of Arthur.

Idyls of the King.

April 2.

MEN.

We have lost him; he is gone;
We know him now; all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless
life.

The Coming of Arthur — Dedication.

WOMEN.

Saving I be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world.

The Coming of Arthur.

April 3.

MEN.

Man's word is God in man.

The Coming of Arthur.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

Three fair queens,
. . . . Tall, with bright,
Sweet faces, who will help him at his time
of need.

The Coming of Arthur.

April 4.

MEN.

Bold in heart and act and word was he
Whenever slander breathed.

The Coming of Arthur.

WOMEN.

Always in my mind I hear
A cry from out the dawning of my life,
A mother weeping, and I hear her say,
'O that ye had some brother, pretty one,
To guard thee on the rough ways of the
world.

The Coming of Arthur.

April 5.

MEN.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by:
An old man's wit may wander ere he die

Idyls of the King.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is' this to me, and that to thee:
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.
Rain, sun and rain! and the free blossom
 blows;
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who
 knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he
 goes.

The Coming of Arthur.

WOMEN.

Now, of late, I see him less and less,
But those first days, had golden hours for
 me.

The Coming of Arthur.

April 6.

MEN.

Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
 . . . Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong —
Else, wherefore born?

Gareth and Lynette.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

Since the good mother holds me still a child!
Good mother is bad mother unto me!
A nurse were better; yet no nurse would I.
Gareth and Lynette.

April 7.

MEN.

The thrall in person may be free in soul.
Gareth and Lynette.

WOMEN.

Eyes of pure women — wholesome stars of
love.
Gareth and Lynette.

April 8.

MEN.

Gareth bow'd himself
With all obedience — and wrought
All kinds of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.
Gareth and Lynette.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

The woman loves her lord —
Peace to thee, woman, with thy love and
hates.

Gareth and Lynette.

April 9.

MEN.

A man of plots,
Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambush-
ings.

Gareth and Lynette.

WOMEN.

A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-titled like the petal of a flower.

Gareth and Lynette.

April 10.

MEN.

A man of mien
Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by white lichen.

Gareth and Lynette.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

She will not wed
Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.
Gareth and Lynette.

April 11.

MEN.

Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,
High nose, a nostril large and fine, and
hands
Large, fair and fine!
From sheeppcot or king's hall, the boy
Is noble-natured.

Gareth and Lynette.

WOMEN.

Bare-footed and bare-headed three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came; their feet
In dewy grasses glisten'd, and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem
Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine.

Gareth and Lynette.

April 12.

MEN.

If their talk were foul,
Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,

Idyls of the King.

Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud
That first they mocked, but, after, rever-
enced him.

Gareth and Lynette.

WOMEN.

And then she sang,
' O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on
me.'

Gareth and Lynette.

April 13.

MEN.

You said your say:
Mine answer was my deed. Good sooth! I
hold
He scarce is knight, yea, but half man, nor
meet
To fight for gentle damsel, he, who lets
His heart be stirred with any foolish heat
At any gentle damsel's waywardness.

Gareth and Lynette.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

Seem I not as tender to him
As any mother? Ay, but such a one
As all day long hath rated at her child,
And vext his day, but blesses him asleep!
Gareth and Lynette.

April 14.

MEN.

The brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court
Had wedded Enid . . .
And loved her as he loved the light of
Heaven.
Thinking, that if ever yet was wife
True to her lord, mine shall be true to me.
He compassed her with sweet observances
And worship, never leaving her, and grew
Forgetful of his glory and his name,
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares.

Enid.

WOMEN.

This forgetfulness was hateful to her.
And day by day she thought to tell Geraint,
But could not out of bashful delicacy; and
Low to her own heart piteously she said
“ O noble heart and all-puissant arms

Idyls of the King.

Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men
Reproach you, saying all your force is gone?
I am the cause, because I dare not speak
And tell him what I think and what they say.
And yet I hate that he should linger here:
I cannot love my lord and not his name.

Enid.

April 15.

MEN.

He that watched her sadden, was the more
Suspicious, that her nature had a taint,
And then he thought, "In spite of all my
care,
For all my pains, poor man, for all my pains,
She is not faithful to me, and I see her
Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's
hall."

Then though he love and revered her
too much

To dream she could be guilty of foul act,
Right through his manful breast darted the
pang

That makes a man, in the sweet face of her
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.

Enid.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

And she
Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace
Of womanhood — answered him.

Enid.

April 16.

MEN.

The voice of Enid — rang
Clear through the open casement of the Hall,
Singing: and as the sweet voice of a bird
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear. . . .
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;
And made him like a man abroad at morn
When first the liquid note beloved of men

In April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemmed with green
and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labor of his hands
To think or say, "That is the nightingale;"
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and
said,
"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice
for me."

Enid.

Tdyls of the King.

WOMEN.

Like a blossom vermeil-white,
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,
Moved the fair Enid.

Enid.

April 17.

MEN.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile
or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands,
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own
hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Seeing her so sweet and serviceable,
Geraint had longing in him evermore
To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,
That crost the trencher as she laid it down.

Enid.

Idyls of the King.

April 18.

MEN.

Grateful is the noise of noble deeds
To noble hearts.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,
And best by her that bore her understood.

Enid.

April 19.

MEN.

His pride awoke,
And since the proud man often is the mean,
He sowed a slander in the common ear.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Though you won the prize of fairest fair,
And though I heard him call you fairest fair,
Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothers than old.

Enid.

April 20.

MEN.

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour

Idyls of the King.

Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, through the feeble twilight of this
world

Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen.

Enid.

WOMEN.

As the white and glittering star of morn
Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by
Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,
And left her maiden couch, and robed her-
self,

Helped by her mother's careful hand and
eye

Without a mirror, in the gorgeous gown;
Who, after, turned her daughter round, and
said,

She never yet had seen her half so fair;
And called her like that maiden in the tale,
Whom Gwydion made by glamour out of
flowers.

Enid.

Idyls of the King.

April 21.

MEN.

He broke the sentence in his heart
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue
May break it, when his passion masters him.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Enid feared his eyes,
Moist as they were, wine-heated from the
feast;
And answered with such craft as women use,
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance
That breaks upon them perilously.

Enid.

April 22.

MEN.

For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know
Though men may bicker with the things
they love,
They would not make them laughable in
all eyes,
Not while they loved them.

Enid.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

Your sweet faces makes good fellows fools
and traitors.

Enid.

April 23.

MEN.

I know men; nor will you win him back,
For the man's love once gone never returns.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Enid heard the clashing of his fall,
Suddenly came, and at his side all pale
Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his
arms,

Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye
Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,
And tearing off her veil of faded silk
Had bared her forehead to the blistering
sun,

And swathed the hurt that drained her dear
lord's life.

Then after all was done that hand could do,
She rested, and all her desolation came
Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

Enid.

Tdyls of the King.

April 24.

MEN.

In a hollow land,
From which old fires have broken, men may
fear
Fresh fire and ruin.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Enid easily believed,
Like simple, noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or
foe,
There most in them who have done them ill.

Enid.

April 25.

MEN.

Gentleness,
Which, when it weds with manhood,
Makes a man.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Enid tended on him — and
Her constant motion round him, and the
breath
Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,

Idyls of the King.

Filled all the genial courses of his blood
With deeper and with ever deeper love.

Enid.

April 26.

MEN.

I greet you with all love:
Who love you, with something of the love
Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens
us.

For once, when I was up so high in pride
That I was half-way down the slope to Hell,
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Women they,
Women, or what had been those gracious
things.

Enid.

April 27.

MEN.

His quick, instinctive hand
Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him;
But he, from his exceeding manfulness
And pure nobility of temperament,

Idyls of the King.

Wroth to be wroth at such a worm,
refrained.

From ev'n a word.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Never man rejoiced
More than Geraint to greet her. . . .
And glancing all at once as keenly at her,
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,
But rested with her sweet face satisfied.

Enid.

April 28.

MEN.

I myself sometimes despise myself;
For I have let men be, and have their way;
And much too gentle, have not used my
power.

Nor know I whether I be very base
Or very manful, whether very wise
Or very foolish; only this I know
That whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently.

Enid.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

Clothed — and gay among the gay
A splendor dear to women, new to her,
And therefore dearer; or if not so new,
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power
Of intermitted custom.

Enid.

April 29.

MEN.

I found
Such fine reserve and noble reticence,
Manner so kind, yet stately, such a grace
Of tenderest courtesy. . . .

Enid.

WOMEN.

Never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived through her, who in that perilous
hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's
heart,
And felt him hers again; she did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist

Idyls of the King.

Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.

Enid.

April 30.

MEN.

His very face with change of heart is
changed.

The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
For seldom does a men repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself
afresh —

He has done it, weeding all his heart.

Enid.

WOMEN.

Meek, blue eyes,
The truest eyes that ever answered heaven.

Enid.

May.

Idyls of the King.

Merlin and Vivien.

Lancelot and Elaine.

Guinevere.

Man dreams of Fame, while woman wakes to Love.

Vivien.

Idyls of the King.

May 1.

MEN.

Who are wise in love
Love most, say least.

Vivien.

WOMEN.

Merlin looked and half believed her true,
So tender was her voice, so fair her face,
So sweetly gleamed her eyes behind her
tears,
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower.

Vivien.

May 2.

MEN.

Each incited each to noble deeds.

Vivien.

WOMEN.

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Idyls of the King.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping; let it go;
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no,
And trust me not at all or all in all.

Vivien.

May 3.

MEN.

Lo now, what hearts have men! they never
mount
As high as woman in her selfless mood.

Vivien.

WOMEN.

She mused a little . . .
. . . . And said
"Stabbed through the heart's affections to
the heart!
Seethed like the kid in its own mother's
milk!
Killed with a word worse than a life of
blows!
I thought that he was gentle, being great;

Idyls of the King.

O God, that I had loved a smaller man!
I should have found in him a greater heart."

Vivien.

May 4.

MEN.

O true and tender! . . .
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who would against thine own eye-witness
fain

Have all men true and leal, all women pure;
How in the mouth of base interpreters,
From over-fineness not intelligible
To things in every sense as false and foul
As the poached filth that floods the middle
street,

Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!

Vivien.

WOMEN.

Men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and
Hell.

Vivien.

Tdyls of the King.

May 5.

MEN.

The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings
remorse,

Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.

Vivien.

WOMEN.

Overquick are you
To catch a lothly plume fallen from the
wing

Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey
Is men's good name.

Vivien.

May 6.

MEN.

A master smiles at one
That is not of his school, nor any school;
But that where blind and naked ignorance
Delivers brawling judgment, unashamed
On all things all day long.

Vivien.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

The lady never made unwilling war
With those fine eyes; she had her pleasure
in it,
And made her good man jealous with good
cause.

Vivien.

May 7.

MEN.

Fame with men,
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
But work as vassal to the larger love,
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.

Vivien.

WOMEN.

She played about with slight and sprightly
talk,
And vivid smiles, and faintly-venomed
points.
Of slander, glancing here and grazing there.

Vivien.

Idyls of the King.

May 8.

MEN.

The old man,
Though doubtful, felt the flattery, and at
times
Would flatter his own wish in age for love.

Vivien.

WOMEN.

Let me think
Silence is wisdom: I am silent then.
Surely you are wise,
But such a silence is more wise than kind.

Vivien.

May 9.

MEN.

Muffled round with selfish reticence,
How hard you look and how denyingly.

Vivien.

WOMEN.

My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier
mine,
For fame, could fame be mine, that fame
were thine,

Idyls of the King.

And shame, could shame be thine, that
shame were mine.

So trust me not at all, or all in all.

Vivien.

May 10.

MEN.

Fame,

The Fame that follows death is nothing to
us;

And what is fame in life but half-disfame,
And counterchanged with darkness?

Vivien.

WOMEN.

Nine tithes of times

Face-flatterers and backbiters are the same.

Vivien.

May 11.

MEN.

They, that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range; or low desire
Not to feel lowest makes them level all;
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the
plain.

To leave an equal baseness.

Idyls of the King.

 If they find
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
And judge all Nature from her feet of clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
Her Godlike head crowned with spiritual
 fire,
And touching other world.

Vivien.

WOMEN.

In a wink the false love turns to hate.

Vivien.

May 12.

MEN.

The great knight in his mid-sickness made
Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.
These, as but born of sickness, could not
 live;
For when the blood ran lustier in him again,
Full often the sweet image of one face,
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.

Elaine.

Tidys of the King.

WOMEN.

His large, black eyes,
Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon
her,
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colors on her simple face.

Elaine.

May 13.

MEN.

Obedience is the courtesy due to kings.

Elaine.

WOMEN.

The gentler-born the maiden, the more
bound
To be sweet and serviceable.

Elaine.

May 14.

MEN.

The great knight, the darling of the court,
Loved of the loveliest, into the rude hall
Stept with all grace, and not with half
disdain
Hid under grace as in a smaller time,
But kindly man moving among his kind.

Idyls of the King.

Whom they with meats and vintage of the
best

And talk and minstrel melody entertained.

Elaine.

WOMEN.

Fair Elaine

Where could be found face daintier? then
her shape

From forehead down to foot perfect — again
From foot to forehead exquisitely turned.

Elaine.

May 15.

MEN.

A king who honors his own word,
As if it were his God's.

Elaine.

WOMEN.

A fair, large diamond.
Such be for queens and not for simple maids.

Elaine.

May 16.

MEN.

To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver.

Elaine.

Idyls of the King.

WOMEN.

He is all fault who has no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of
earth.

Elaine.

May 17.

MEN.

Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.

Elaine.

WOMEN.

Good she was and true,
But loved me with a love beyond all love
In woman. . . .
Yet to be loved makes not to love again.

Elaine.

May 18.

MEN.

He looked, and more amazed
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
The maiden standing in the dewy light.
He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.
Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,

Idyls of the King.

For silent, though he greeted her, she stood,
Rapt on his face as if it were a God's.

Elaine.

WOMEN.

All night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.

Elaine.

May 19.

MEN.

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great.

Elaine.

WOMEN.

She by tact of love was well aware
That Lancelot knew that she was looking
at him,

Idyls of the King.

And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his
hand,
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away.

Elaine.

May 20.

MEN.

With smiling face and frowning heart, a
prince
In the mid-might and flourish of his May,
Surnamed, 'The Courteous,' fair
and strong.

Elaine.

WOMEN

The meek maid
Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
Milder than any mother to a sick child,
And never woman yet, since man's first fall
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love
Upbore her.

Elaine.

May 21.

MEN.

The sick man
Would call her friend and sister.

Idyls of the King.

Would listen for her coming, and regret
Her parting step, and held her tenderly,
And loved her with all love except the love
Of man and woman when they love their
best,
Closest and sweetest.

Elaine.

WOMEN.

I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
Methinks there is none other I can love.

Elaine.

May 22.

MEN.

What use
To make men worse by making my sin
known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?

Elaine.

WOMEN.

Fair she was,
Pure
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a
heart —

Idyls of the King.

Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love
Could bind — but free love will not be bound.

Elaine.

May 23.

MEN.

Jealousy in love
That is love's curse.

Elaine.

WOMEN.

This maiden, shaped, it seems,
By God . . . her face
Delicately pure and marvellously fair.

Elaine.

May 24.

MEN.

He never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.

Guinevere.

WOMEN.

This is all woman's grief,
That she is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion.

Guinevere.

Idyls of the King.

May 25.

MEN.

Ever like a subtle beast
He chilled the popular praises of the king
With silent smiles of slow disparagement.

Guinevere.

WOMEN.

I thank the saints, I am not great,
For if there ever come a grief to me,
I cry my cry in silence, and have done;
None knows it, and my tears have brought
me good:

But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud.

Guinevere.

May 26.

MEN.

The small violence done
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long

Idyls of the King.

A little bitter pool about a stone
On the bare coast.

Guinevere.

WOMEN.

Her beauty, grace, and power
Wrought as a charm.

Guinevere.

May 27.

MEN.

She thought him cold,
High, self-contained and passionless.

Guinevere.

WOMEN.

Mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.

Guinevere.

May 28.

MEN.

A narrow, foxy face,
Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent
eye.

Guinevere.

WOMEN.

Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days

Idyls of the King.

In which she saw him first — when they
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure — for the
time

Was Maytime. . . .

Rode under groves that looked a paradise
Of blossom, and sheets of hyacinth
That seemed the heavens upbreking
through the earth.

Guinevere.

May 29.

MEN.

I hold that man, the worst of public foes,
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the
wife

Whom he knows false abide and rule the
house.

For being through his cowardice allowed
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the
crowd,

Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and
saps

Idyls of the King.

The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the
young.

Guinevere.

WOMEN.

Ah my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair
world,
Had I but loved the highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.

Guinevere.

May 30.

MEN.

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

Guinevere.

WOMEN.

Help me, Heaven, for surely I repent,
For what is true repentance but in thought —
Not ev'n in inmost thoughts to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us.

Guinevere.

Idyls of the King.

May 31.

MEN.

I made them lay their hands in mine and
swear

To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as
their King,

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ;
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;
To speak no slander; no, nor listen to it;
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity;
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Guinevere.

WOMEN.

She, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harmed where
she would heal.

Guinevere.



June.

The Holy Grail.
In Memoriam.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace
Believing where we cannot prove.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why
He thinks he was not made to die,
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest holiest manhood Thou,
Our wills are ours, we know not how
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

In Memoriam.

The Holy Grail.

June 1.

MEN.

Ye — what are ye?

But men

With strength and will to right the wrong'd,
of power

To lay the sudden heads of violence flat.

The Holy Grail.

WOMEN.

When she came to speak, behold her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness.

The Holy Grail.

June 2.

MEN.

The sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle
out

Among us in the jousts, while women watch
Who wins, who falls, and waste the spiritual
strength

Within us, better offer'd up to Heaven.

The Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail.

WOMEN.

A holy maid; tho' never maiden glow'd,
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
With such a fervent flame of human love,
Which being rudely blunted glanced and shot
Only to holy things; to prayer and praise
She gave herself, to fast and alms.

The Holy Grail.

June 3.

MEN.

The chance of noble deeds will come and go
Unchallenged, while you follow wandering
fires
Lost in the quagmire.

The Holy Grail.

WOMEN.

As she spoke
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her
mind
On him, and he believed in her belief.

The Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail.

June 4.

MEN.

O son, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all.

For what is this
Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins!
Thou has not lost thyself to save thyself.

The Holy Grail.

WOMEN.

Kind the woman's eyes and innocent
And all her bearing gracious.

The Holy Grail.

June 5.

MEN

Never yet
Could all of true and noble in knight and
man
Twine round one sin, whatever it might be,
With such a closeness, but apart there
grew, —
Save that he were the swine —
Some root of knighthood and pure noble-
ness,

In Memoriam.

Whereto see thou, that it may bear its
flower.

The Holy Grail.

WOMEN.

Maidens each as fair as any flower.

The Holy Grail.

June 6.

MEN.

Mighty reverent at our grace was he;
A square-set man and honest; and his eyes
An out-door sign of all the warmth within
Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a
cloud,

But Heaven had meant it for a sunny one.

The Holy Grail.

WOMEN.

God made thee good as thou are beautiful.

The Holy Grail.

June 7.

MEN.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

In Memoriam, I.

In Memoriam.

WOMEN.

O, somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest 'ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair.
Poor child, thou waitest for thy love!

* * * * *

And thinking "this will please him best,"
She takes a ribbon or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her color burns,
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right.

In Memoriam, VI.

June 8.

MEN.

Words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In Memoriam, V.

In Memoriam.

WOMEN.

We have idle dreams.
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies.

In Memoriam, X.

June 9.

MEN.

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

In Memoriam, LIII.

WOMEN.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose bright-blue
eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

In Memoriam, XCIV.

In Memoriam.

June 10.

MEN.

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own:
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

In Memoriam, XCIV.

WOMEN.

No lapse of moons can canker Love
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

In Memoriam, XXVI.

June 11.

MEN.

Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast?

In Memoriam.

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?
In Memoriam, XVI.

WOMEN.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
In Memoriam, XXXII.

June 12.

MEN.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.
In Memoriam, LXXI.

WOMEN.

I hold it true, whate'er befall:
I feel it, when I sorrow most!
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
In Memoriam, XXVII.

In Memoriam.

June 13.

MEN.

The lesser griefs, that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead.

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze

In Memoriam, XX.

WOMEN.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is their blessedness like theirs?

In Memoriam, XXXII.

June 14.

MEN.

One writes that, " Other friends remain,"
That " Loss is common to the race," —
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

In Memoriam.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

In Memoriam, VI.

WOMEN.

This it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love.

In Memoriam, XXV.

June 15.

MEN.

He

Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be.
So wore his outward best, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind.
And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman

In Memoriam.

Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.

In Memoriam, CIX.

WOMEN.

Let cares their petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved.

In Memoriam, CIII.

June 16.

MEN.

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

In Memoriam, CXII.

WOMEN.

To breathe my loss is more than fame
To utter love more sweet than praise.

In Memoriam, LXXV.

June 17.

MEN.

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms, for fashion's sake,

In Memoriam.

Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons through the gilded pale.
For who can always act?

In Memoriam, CIX.

WOMEN.

The shade by which my life was crossed,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind.

In Memoriam, LXIV.

June 18.

MEN.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame.
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:

* * * * *

There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me through and through.

In Memoriam.

With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

In Memoriam, L.

WOMEN.

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core
And dust and ashes all that is.

In Memoriam, XXXIV.

June 19.

MEN.

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness, let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music.

In Memoriam, I.

WOMEN.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.

In Memoriam.

I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

In Memoriam, I.

June 20.

MEN.

Merit lives from man to man.

In Memoriam, I.

WOMEN.

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire
What is it makes me beat so low?

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears
That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darkened eyes,
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss!"

In Memoriam, IV.

In Memoriam.

June 21.

MEN.

A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who lights, and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone, and far from home.

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight.

In Memoriam, VIII

WOMEN.

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith through form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good,
O sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine.

In Memoriam, XXXIII.

In Memoriam.

June 22.

MEN.

The wish, that of the living whole,
No life may fail beyond the grave, —
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

In Memoriam, LIV.

WOMEN.

I am but an earthly muse
And owning but a little art
To lull with song an aching heart,
And render human love his dues.

In Memoriam, XXXVII.

June 23.

MEN.

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green.

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.

In Memoriam.

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.

In Memoriam, LXII.

WOMEN.

I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

In Memoriam, LXXX.

June 24.

MEN.

God's finger touched him, and he slept.
The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state
In circle round the blessed gate
Received and gave him welcome there.

In Memoriam, LXXXIII.

WOMEN.

What delight can equal those
That stir the spirits inner deeps,
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?

In Memoriam, XLI.

In Memoriam.

June 25.

MEN.

How fares it with the happy dead?

For here the man is more and more.

In Memoriam, XLII.

WOMEN.

Could we forget

* * * * *

A maiden in the day

When first she wears her orange-flower!

When crowned with blessings she doth rise

To take the latest leave of home,

And hopes and light regrets that come

Make April of her tender eyes:

And doubtful joys the father move,

And tears are on the mother's face,

As parting, with a long embrace

She enters other realms of love;

Her office there to rear, to teach,

Becoming, as is meet and fit,

A link among the days, to knit

The generations each with each.

In Memoriam, XXXIX.

In Memoriam.

June 26.

MEN.

Can sorrow wane?

O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, Regret can die!

No — mixed with all the mystic frame,

Her deep relations are the same,

But with long use her tears are dry.

In Memoriam, LXXVI.

WOMEN.

Love's too precious to be lost.

A little grain shall not be spilt.

In Memoriam, LXIII.

June 27.

MEN.

He brought an eye for all he saw.

He mixed in all simple sports.

In Memoriam, LXXXVII.

WOMEN.

Fret not, like an idle girl,

That life is dashed with flecks of sin,

Abide: thy wealth is gathered in,

When Time had sundered shell from pearl.

In Memoriam, LI.

In Memoriam.

June 28.

MEN.

How pure at heart and sound in head;
With what divine affection; bold
Should be the man whose thoughts would
hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

In Memoriam, XCII.

WOMAN.

Some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own
* * * * *

Half jealous of she knows not what
* * * * *

She sighs amid her narrow days
Moving about the household ways
In that dark home where she was born.

The foolish neighbors come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by:

In Memoriam.

At night she weeps: How vain am I
How should he love a thing so low?

In Memoriam, LVIII.

June 29.

MAN.

Thy converse drew us with delight
The men of rathe and riper years;
The feeble soul a haunt of fears
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung.
The proud were half disarmed of pride,
* * * * *

The stern were mild when thou went by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was softened, and he knew not why.

In Memoriam, CVIII.

WOMAN.

She keeps the gift of years before,
A withered violet is her bliss:
She knows not what his greatness is,
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;

In Memoriam.

She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixed and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes.
"I cannot understand; I love."

In Memoriam, XCV.

June 30.

MAN.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Memoriam, CIV.

WOMAN.

These two — they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.

In Memoriam, XCV.

July.

The Princess.

Everywhere

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world;
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind.

II.

The Princess.

July 1.

MEN.

From earlier than I know,
I loved the woman; he, that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than
death.

Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her,
one

Not learned, save in gracious household
ways,

Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants

No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt

In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,

Interpreter between the gods and men,

Who looked all native to her place, and yet

On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere

Too gross to tread, and all male minds per-
force

Sway'd to her from their orbits as they
moved

And girdled her with music. Happy he

With such a mother! faith in womankind

Beats with his blood, and trust in all things
high

The Princess.

Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

VII.

WOMAN.

Woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest bond is
this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.

VII.

July 2.

MEN.

In the long years, liker must they grow,
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the
world.

VII.

WOMAN.

She mental breath, nor fail in childward
care
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind.
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words,
And so the twain, upon the skirts of Time,

The Princess.

Sit side by side, full summ'd, in all their
powers.

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities.

But like each other ev'n as those who love.

VII.

July 3.

MAN.

The woman's cause is man's, they rise or
sink

Together, dwarf'd or godlike bond or free.

VII.

WOMAN.

She that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with
man

His nights, his days, moves with him to one
goal,

Stays all the fair young planets in her
hands —

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?

VII.

The Princess.

July 4.

MEN.

Either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal; each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in
thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full
stroke.

VII.

WOMEN.

Let her — live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.

VII.

July 5.

MEN.

It becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clinch'd antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he dies.

IV.

WOMEN.

Women — that have as many differences as
we,

The Princess.

The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm; one loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one
that,
And some unworthily.

V.

July 6.

MEN.

We fell out, my wife and I;
We fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears,
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears!

II.

WOMEN.

O lift your natures up,
. . . girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed,
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite
And slander die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble.

II.

The Princess.

July 7.

MEN.

Crack'd and small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a wrinkling
wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines;
A little, dry old man.

I.

WOMEN.

My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness.

I.

July 8.

MEN.

This barren verbiage, current among men
Light coin, the tinsel clink of complement.

II.

WOMEN.

All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,
Than our men's earth; such eyes were in
her head,

The Princess.

And so much grace and power, breathing
down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hand
And to her feet,

II.

July 9.

MEN.

A rogue, in grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.
Prologue.

WOMEN.

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she
laugh'd;
A rosebud set with little, wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her.
Prologue.

July 10.

MEN.

I was courteous, every phrase well-oil'd,
As man's could be.

III.

The Princess.

WOMEN.

There is nothing upon earth
More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err.

III.

July II.

MEN.

Heads — Some men's were small; not they
the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size;
Beside the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more was
more;
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field.

II.

WOMEN.

A rosy blond, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly
With her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes
As bottom agates seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear, morning seas.

II.

The Princess.

July 12.

MEN.

A gentleman of broken means
Given to starts and bursts.

I.

WOMEN.

O miracle of women —
O noble heart —
O miracle of noble womanhood.

Prologue.

July 13.

MEN.

What kind of tales did men tell men,
She wonder'd by themselves.

Prologue.

WOMEN.

The maiden Aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from it
preach'd
On universal culture for the crowd,
And all things great.

Prologue.

The Princess.

July 14.

MEN.

Quoit, tennis, ball, games —
Which men delight in, martial exercise.

III.

WOMEN.

Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and
flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for
deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden
hair.

Prologue.

July 15.

MEN.

Howe'er
He deal in frolic
These flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament;
But as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he.

IV.

The Princess.

WOMEN.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with
love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are
green?

IV.

July 16.

MEN.

Knaves are men,
That lute and flute fantastic tenderness
And dress the victim to the offering up.

IV.

WOMEN.

I thought her half-right talking of her
wrongs;
I say she flies too high, 's death! What of
that?
I take her for the flower of womankind,
And so I often told her, right or wrong,
And she can be sweet to those she loves,
And right or wrong —
I stand upon her side.

V.

The Princess.

July 17.

MEN.

War-music — the blind wildbeast of force,
Whose home is in the sinews of a man.

V.

WOMEN.

My mother, looks as whole as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the
white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves.

V.

July 18.

MEN.

When the man wants weight, the woman
takes it up,
And topples down the scale; but this is fixt
As are the roots of earth and base of all;
Man for the field, and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she;
Man with the head and woman with the
heart;
Man to command and woman to obey.
All else confusion.

V.

The Princess.

WOMEN.

The bearing and training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.

V.

July 19.

MEN.

That large moulded man,
Tough, strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt
at arms.

V.

WOMEN.

Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor
wept.
Her head a little bent; and on her mouth
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
In a still water.

VI.

July 20.

MEN.

Have patience — ourselves are full
Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful prelude of the truth.
This fine old world of ours is but a child

The Princess.

Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs; there is a Hand that
guides.

VII.

WOMEN.

Pale was the perfect face:
The bosom with long sighs labor'd; and
meek
Seemed the full lips, and mild the luminous
eyes,
And the voice trembled and the hand.

She said
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd
In sweet humility; had fail'd in all.

VII.

July 21.

MEN.

No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd, genial English-
man.
A Lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A phamphlateer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;

The Princess.

Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn;
Now shaking hands with him, now him, of
those
That stood the nearest — now address'd to
speech —
Who spoke few words and pithy, such as
closed
Welcome, farewell, welcome for the year to
follow.

Conclusion.

WOMEN.

Descend and proffer
The tender ministries
Of female hands and hospitality.

VI.

July 22.

MEN.

Look you, Sir!
Man is the hunter; woman is his game.

V.

WOMEN.

Everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick; the maidens came,
they talk'd,

The Princess.

They sang, they read; till she not fair began
To gather light, and she that was, became
Her former beauty treble, and to and fro
With books, with flowers, with Angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious acts
And in their own clear element they moved.

VII.

July 23.

MEN.

Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to
women
As he that does the thing they dare not do,
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle,
comes
With the air of the trumpet round him, and
leaps in
Among the women, snares them by the
score,
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dashed
with death
He reddens what he kisses, thus I won
Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,
Worth winning.

V.

The Princess.

WOMEN.

Every woman counts her due
Love, children, happiness.

III.

July 24.

MEN.

You hold the woman is the better man,
A rampant heresy, such as if it spread
Would make all women kick against their
Lords
Thro' all the world.

IV.

WOMEN.

The woman is so hard
Upon the woman.

VI.

July 25.

MEN.

These men came to woo.
Verily, I think, to win.

VI.

WOMEN.

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain
height.
What pleasure lives in height.

The Princess.

In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens and
cease

To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley; come
thou down
And find him.

VII.

July 26.

MEN.

They praised him —
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe.

VI.

WOMEN.

An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.
How pretty
Her blushing was.

III.

July 27.

MEN.

Every captain waits hungry for honor.

V.

The Princess.

WOMEN.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thee and thine.

IV.

July 28.

MEN.

And one
Discussed his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a Lord.

Prologue.

WOMEN.

When did women ever yet invent ?

III.

July 29.

MEN.

Many a famous man, woman, town
And landskip have I heard of, after seen
The dwarfs of presage; tho' when known
there grew

The Princess.

Another kind of beauty in detail
Made them worth knowing.

IV.

WOMEN.

Many a little hand
Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the
rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag.

III.

July 30.

MEN.

My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the
wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee,
come
Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are
one,
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust in
me.

VII.

The Princess.

WOMEN.

Love —

Held carnival at will, and flying struck
With showers of random sweet on maid and
man.

VII.

July 31.

MEN.

God bless

Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have
made,
Some patient force to change them when we
will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd:

Conclusion.

WOMEN.

The woman sang

Between the rough voices of the men
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.

Prologue.

August.

Maud.

Harold.

These are the days of advance, the works of the men
of mind.

Maud—Part I.

Maud.

August 1.

MEN.

Not to desire or admire, if a man could learn
it, were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old
in a garden of spice.

Maud — Part I.

WOMEN.

She has neither savor nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face —
Perfectly beautiful; let it be granted her;
Where is the fault?
Faultily, faultless, icily regular, splendidly
null,
Dead perfection no more; nothing more, if
it had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's
defect of the rose,
Or an underlip, you may call it a little too
ripe, too full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in
a sensitive nose.

Part I.

Maud.

August 2.

MEN.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet
woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless
peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in
the hubbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world
that are ever hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little, and, whether
he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a
cloud of poisonous flies.

Part I.

WOMEN.

Cold and clear-cut face — cruelly meek —
Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash
dead on the cheek,
Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet in a
gloom profound;
Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a
transient wrong
Done but in thought to your beauty.

Part I.

Maud.

August 3.

MEN.

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and
Beauty fair in her flower;
Do we move ourselves, or are we moved by
an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and
others ever succeed?
And yet, we cannot be kind to each other
here for an hour;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and
grin at a brother's shame;
However we brave it out, we men are a
little breed.

Part I.

WOMEN.

The fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her
beautiful face.
O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it,
in being so proud.

Part I.

Maud.

August 4.

MEN.

Myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

Part I.

WOMEN.

What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit,
Cleopatra-like as of old
To entangle me when we met,
To have her lion roll in a silken net
And fawn at a victor's feet.

Part I.

August 5.

MEN.

Men — in battle array
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death for their native land.

Part I.

Maud.

WOMEN.

Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pityng womanhood.

Part I.

August 6.

MEN.

Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! Cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

Part I.

WOMEN.

A voice by the cedar tree
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and May,
Maud with her exquisite face
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English
green,
Maud in the light of her youth and grace.

.
Silence, beautiful voice!

Maud.

Your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to run to the meadow and fall before
Her feet in the meadow grass, and adore
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

Part I.

August 7.

MEN.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever, and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

Part I.

WOMEN.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen
But she is tall and stately.

· · · · ·
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.
I know the way she went

Maud.

Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

Part I.

August s.

MEN.

His face

Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and
white,
And six feet two, as I think, he stands;
But his essences turn'd the live air sick,
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands.

Part I.

WOMEN.

O beautiful creature, what am 'I
That I dare to look her way;
And dream of her beauty
From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as the
crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
And she knows it not: O, if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo it.

Part I.

Maud.

August 9.

MEN.

Live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal
wrongs.

Part I.

WOMEN.

There is none like her, none,
Her whose gentle will has changed my fate
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame.

Part I.

August 10.

MEN.

It is better to fight for the good than to rail
at the ill.

Part III.

WOMEN.

She is singing in the meadow
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye.

Part II.

August 11.

MEN.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense

Maud.

One would think that it well
Might drown all life in the eye —
That it should, by being so over-wrought,
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been passed by.

Part II.

WOMEN.

The meadows your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes.

Part I.

August 12.

MEN.

Rich in the grace all women desire,
Strong in the power that all men adore.

Part I.

WOMEN.

Queen rose o. the rosebud garden of girls
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one,

Maud.

Shine out, little head, sunning over with
curls

To the flowers, and be their sun.

Part I.

August 13.

MEN.

I never whisper'd a private affair
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
No, not to myself in the closet alone,
But I heard it shouted at once from the top
of the house;

Everything came to be known.

Part II.

WOMEN.

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd.

Part I.

August 14.

MEN.

The drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid
by a veil,

I have not made the world, and He that
made it will guide.

Part I.

Maud.

WOMEN.

If Maud were all she seem'd
And her smiles were all that I dream'd
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

Part I.

August 15.

MEN.

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne?

Part I.

WOMEN.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships,

Maud.

Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West.

Part I.

August 16.

MEN.

He was humming an air,
Stopt, and then with a riding whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgoniyed me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

Part I.

WOMEN.

There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have
deceased.

Part I.

August 17.

MEN.

If I be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think
If I be dear to some one else?

Part I.

Harold.

WOMAN.

I know her but in two
Nor can pronounce upon it
If one should ask me whether
The habit, hat and feather,
Or the frock and gypsy bonnet
Be the neater and completer;
For nothing can be sweeter
Then maiden Maud in either.

Part I.

August 18.

MEN.

In our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.

Harold, Act I, Sc. I.

WOMAN.

A life of prayer and fasting well may see
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven.

Act I, Sc. I.

August 19.

MEN.

He fain had,
A conscience for his own soul —
A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink.

Act III, Sc. I.

Harold.

WOMEN.

Women cling to the conquer'd, if they love,
the more.

Act IV, Sc. II.

August 20.

MEN.

Words are the man.

Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie.

Act II, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

A wife,

What matter who, so she be serviceable
In all obedience.

Act III, Sc. I.

August 21.

MEN.

Be men less delicate than the Devil himself?
I thought that naked truth would shame the
Devil.

Act III, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

God help me! I know nothing — can but
pray,
Pray, pray, pray — no help but prayer.

Harold.

A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

Act III, Sc. II.

August 22.

MEN.

He is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness.

Act I, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

She hath won upon our people thro' her
beauty,
And pleasantness.

Act IV, Sc. I.

August 23.

MEN.

Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom when in
power
And wisest, should not frown as Power, but
smile
As kindness, watching all, till the true must,
Shall make her strike as Power.

Act I, Sc. I.

Harold.

WOMEN.

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song:
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay? They call him away:
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong,
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Act I, Sc. I.

August 24.

MEN.

I love the man but not his phantasies.

Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Evil for good, it seems
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil.

Act V, Sc. I.

August 25.

MEN.

Put thou thyself and mother-wit together
Be not a fool!

Act II, Sc. I.

Harold.

WOMEN.

Full hope have I that love will answer love.
Act IV, Sc. I.

August 26,

MEN.

Might, right? ay good, so all things make
for good —
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.
Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Her morning wanted sunlight, she so praised
The convent and lone life — within the
pale —
Beyond the passion.
Act I, Sc. I.

August 27.

MEN.

Come, come,
Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity;
Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-
wall.
Who breaks us then?
Act I, Sc. I.

Harold.

WOMEN.

Pour not water
In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house.

Act I, Sc. I.

August 28.

MEN.

There lodged a gleaming grimness in his
eyes,
Gave his shorn smile the lie.

Act II, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

I am no woman to put faith in dreams.

Act IV, Sc. I.

August 29.

MEN.

Obey him, speak him fair,
For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as
death
To those that cross him.

Act II, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

The more the love, the mightier the prayer.

Act III, Sc. I.

Harold.

August 30.

MEN.

The quietest man in the world —
Ay, ay, and wise in peace and great in war.
Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

“It is the flash that murders, the poor
thunder
Never harm’d head.”
“But thunder may bring down
That which the flash hath stricken.”
Act I, Sc. II.

August 31.

MEN.

He hath as much of cat as tiger in him,
He loves the hand and not the man.
Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

My wingless nightingale
Thou art my music!
Act I, Sc. I.

September.

Queen Mary.

The parting of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart.

Act III, Sc. VI.

Queen Mary.

September 1.

MEN.

You cannot learn a man's nature from his
natural foe.

Act I, Sc. V.

WOMEN.

O Madam,
You fly your thoughts like kites?

Act I, Sc. V.

September 2.

MEN.

There's no glory
Like his who saves his country.

Act II, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Seventeen — and knew eight languages — in
music
Peerless — her needle perfect, and her
learning
Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so
modest,
So wife-like humble.

Act III, Sc. I.

Queen Mary.

September 3.

MEN.

Most honest, brave, and skillful, and his
wealth

A fountain of perennial alms — his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self.

Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
great things.

Act II, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home.

Act III, Sc. I.

September 4.

MEN.

In statesmanship
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.

Act III, Sc. VI.

WOMEN.

You know what Virgil sings,
Woman is various and most mutable.

Act III, Sc. VI.

Queen Mary.

September 5.

MEN.

To do him any wrong was to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.

Act IV, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

That sweet worn smile
Among thy patient wrinkles.

Act V, Sc. V.

September 6.

MEN.

The world is like a drunken man,
Who cannot move straight to his end, but
 reels
Now to the right, then as far to the left,
Push'd by the crowd beside — and under-
 foot
An earthquake.

Act IV, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

Give to the poor
Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor.

Act IV, Sc. III.

Queen Mary.

September 7.

MEN.

Many so dote upon this bubble world,
Whose colors in a moment break and fly,
They care for nothing else. What saith St.

John:

“Love of this world is hatred against God.”

Act IV, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

By God's light, a noble creature.

Act I, Sc. I.

September 8.

MEN.

I pray you all to love together
Like brethren; yet what hatred Christian
men

Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,
But mortal foes! But do you good to all
As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man
more

Than you would harm your loving natural
brother

Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,

Queen Mary.

Albeit he think himself at home with God,
Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

Act IV, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

Flower, she!

Half faded! but you — are fresh and sweet
As the first flower no bee has ever tried.

Act I, Sc. IV.

September 9.

MEN.

Every man at time of death
Would fain set forth some saying that may
live

After his death and better humankind,
For death gives life's last word a power to
live,

And like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
After the vanished voice, and speak to men.

Act IV, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

The folly of all follies
Is to be love-sick of a shadow.

Act I, Sc. V.

Queen Mary.

September 10.

MEN.

His friends would praise him, I believed
'em,
His foes would blame him, and I scorned
'em,
His friends — as Angels I received 'em,
His foes — the Devil had suborn'd 'em.

Act I, Sc. V.

WOMEN.

Pretty maiden, you should know that
whether
A wind is warm or cold, it serves to fan
A kindled fire.

Act I, Sc. V.

September 11.

MEN.

He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd up-
right.
His eye was like a soldier's whom the general
He looks to and leans on as his God
Hath rated for some backwardness and
bidd'n him

Queen Mary.

Charge one against a thousand, and the
man
Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and
dies.

Act IV, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

I love not to be called a butterfly.
Why do you call me a butterfly?

Act I, Sc. IV.

September 12.

MEN.

Action and re-action,
The miserable see-saw of our child-world,
Makes us despise it at odd hours.

Act IV, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

Mix not yourself with any plot —
Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,
Speak not thereof — no, not to your best
friend,
Lest you should be confounded with it.

Act I, Sc. IV.

Queen Mary.

September 13.

MEN.

I have been a man loved plainness all my
life.

Act IV, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

Madam, to have the wish before the word
Is man's good Fairy.

Act I, Sc. IV.

September 14.

MEN.

Ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning —

So worshipt of all those that came across him;
The stranger at his hearth, and all his house.

Act IV, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

Act I, Sc. IV.

September 15.

MEN.

His big baldness,
That irritable forelock which he rubs,

Queen Mary.

His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd eyes
Half fright me.

Act I, Sc. IV.

WOMEN.

Ay: some waxen doll,
All red and white.

Act I, Sc. V.

September 16.

MEN.

He is every way a lesser man than Charles,
Stone-hard, ice-cold — no dash of daring in
him.

Act I, Sc. V.

WOMEN.

Truth, they say, will out,
So it must last. It is not like a word,
That comes and goes in uttering.

Act III, Sc. V.

September 17.

MEN.

They call him cold,
Haughty, ay, worse.

Why, doubtless, he shows

Queen Mary.

Some of the bearing of your blue blood
still —

All within measure — nay, it well becomes
him.

Act I, Sc. V.

WOMEN.

Song flies, you know,
For ages;

Tut, your sonnet's a-flying ant,
Wing'd for a moment.

Act II, Sc. I.

September 18.

MEN.

To sit high
Is to be lied about.

Act I, Sc. V.

WOMEN.

Truth, a word!
The very Truth and very Word are one.
But truth of story, which I glanced at, girl,
Is like a word that comes from olden days,
And passes thro' the peoples; every tongue

Queen Mary.

Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks
Quite other than at first.

Act III, Sc. V.

September 19.

MEN.

To persecute
Makes a faith hated; and is furthermore
No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes; when men are tost
On tides of strange opinion, and not sure
Of their own selves, they are wroth with
their own selves,
And thence with others; then, who lights
the fagot?
Not the full faith; no, but the lurking doubt.

Act III, Sc. IV.

WOMEN.

Best wisdom is to know the worst at first.

Act III, Sc. V.

September 20.

MEN.

A jest
In time of danger shows the pulse is even.

Act II, Sc. II.

Queen Mary.

WOMEN.

How many names in the long sweep of time
That so foreshortens greatness, may but
hang
On the chance mention of some fool that
once
Brake bread with us, perhaps.

Act III, Sc. V.

September 21.

MEN.

Courage, sir,
That makes a man or woman look their
goodliest.

Act II, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

Right honest and red-cheek'd; Robin was
violent,
And she was crafty — a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft. I would I were a milk-
maid,
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake,
and die,

Queen Mary.

Then have my simple headstone by the
church
And all things lived and ended honestly.

Act III, Sc. V.

September 22.

MEN.

The man is proven by the hour . . .

The man should make the hour, not this the
man.

Act II, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

It is the heat and narrowness of the cage
That makes the captive testy, with free
wing

The world were all one Araby.

Act III, Sc. V.

September 23.

MEN.

Like his cloak, his manners want the nap
And gloss of court.

Act III, Sc. V.

Queen Mary.

WOMEN.

Her majesty
Is flint of flint; you may strike fire from her,
Not hope to melt her.

Act III, Sc. VI.

September 24.

MEN.

Fine eyes — but melancholy, irresolute —
A fine beard — a very full, fine beard,
But a weak mouth, an indeterminate —

Act III, Sc. IV.

WOMEN.

Should her love —
And I have known such women, more than
one —
Veer to the counterpoint, jealousy
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse
Almost into one metal love and hate.

Act III, Sc. VI.

September 25.

MEN.

A man
Of such colossal kinghood, yet so courteous,

Queen Mary.

Except when wroth, you scarce could meet
his eye
And hold your own; and were he wroth
indeed,
You held it less, or not at all. I say
Your father had a will that beat men down;
Your father had a brain that beat men down.

Act IV, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

"Madam, a day may sink or save a realm,"
"A day may save a heart from breaking,
too."

Act III, Sc. VI.

September 26.

MEN.

"Does he think
Low stature is low nature, or all women's
Low as his own?"

"There you strike in the nail.
This coarseness is a want of fantasy,
It is the low man thinks the woman low;
Sin is too dull to see beyond himself."

Act V, Sc. II.

Queen Mary.

WOMEN.

O bubble world,
Whose colors in a moment break and fly!
Act V, Sc. II.

September 27.

MEN.

What human reason is there why my friend
Should meet with lesser mercy than myself?
Act IV, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Hapless doom of woman happy in betroth-
ing!

Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost
in loathing;

Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say
the world is nothing —

Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they
first awaken;

Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be over-
taken;

Low, my lute! oh, low, my lute! we fade
and are forsaken —

Low, dear lute, low.

Act V, Sc. II.

Queen Mary.

September 28.

MEN.

Sin is bold as well as dull.

Act V, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

Peace is with the dead.

Her life was winter, for her spring was
nupt;

And she loved much; pray God she be for-
given.

Act V, Sc. V.

September 29.

MEN.

Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell
you,

At threescore years; then if we change at all
We needs must do it quickly; it is an age
Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief
patience.

Act III, Sc. IV.

WOMEN.

You must be sweet and supple —

She is none of those who loathe the honey-
comb.

Act V, Sc. I.

Queen Mary.

September 30.

MEN.

It never will be merry world —
Till all men learn their Bibles, rich and poor.
Act V, Sc. V.

WOMEN.

I found
One day a wholesome scripture,
“ Little children, love one another.”
Act III, Sc. IV.

October.

The Foresters.

The lady loved the master well,
The maid she loved the man.

. , . . .
The lady gave a rose to the Earl,
The maid a rose to the man.

The Foresters.

October 1.

MEN.

Every man for the sake of the great blessed Mother in heaven, and for the love of his own little mother on earth, should handle all womankind gently, and hold them in all honor, and speak small to 'em, and not scare 'em, but go about to come at their love with all manner of homages and observances.

Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

The sweet light of a mother's eye,
That beam of dawn upon the opening flower.

Act IV, Sc. I.

October 2.

MEN.

Being every inch a man, I honor every
inch of a woman.

Act III, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

I will not kiss thee,
For that belongs to marriage; but I hold
thee

The Foresters.

The husband of my heart, the noblest light
That ever flash'd across my life, and I
Embrace thee with the kisses of the soul.

Act III, Sc. I.

October 3.

MEN.

How often in old histories have the great
men striven against the stream, and how
often in the long sweep of years to come
must the great man strive against it again
to save his country and the liberties of his
people!

Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

O the sacred little thing! What a shape!
What lovely arms! a rose to the man!

Act I, Sc. I.

October 4.

MEN.

That strange, starched, stiff creature.
He would grapple with a lion like the king,
and is flustered by a girl's kiss.

Act I, Sc. I.

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

Thou speakest like a fool or a woman.
Canst thou endure to be a beggar whose
whole life hath been folded like a blossom in
the sheath, like a careless sleeper in the
down, who never hast felt a want, to whom
all things, up to this present, have come as
freely as heaven's air and mother's milk?

Act I, Sc. I.

October 5.

MEN.

The man is able enough — no lack of wit,
And apt in arms and shrewd in policy.
Courteous enough, too, when he wills; and
yet

I hate him for his want of chivalry.
He that can pluck the flower of maidenhood
From off the stalk and trample it in the
mire,

And boast that he hath trampled it.

I hate him,
I hate the man.

Act I, Sc. II.

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

The fairest flower of maidenhood
That ever blossom'd . . .

Act I, Sc. II.

October 6.

MEN.

You gentles that live upo' manchet-bread
and marchpane, what should you know o'er
the food o' the poor?

Act II, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

A moment for some matter of no moment!
Well! take and use your moment, while you
may.

Act II, Sc. I.

October 7.

MEN.

I believe there lives
No man who truly loves and truly rules
His following, but can keep his followers
true.

I am one with mine. Traitors are rarely
bred

Save under traitor kings.

Act II, Sc. I.

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

She hath a tenderness — but is too shy to show it. It is in her, in the woman, and the man must bring it out of her.

Act I, Sc. I.

October 8.

MEN.

There are no hearts like English hearts,
Such hearts of oak they be.

There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and bold as they be.

Act II, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be.

There are no maids like English maids,
So beautiful as they be.

Act II, Sc. I.

October 9.

MEN.

Sort! Sort! What sort? What sort of
man art thou

The Foresters.

For land, not love? Thou wilt inherit the
land,
And so wouldst sell thy sister.

Act II, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Lovers hold
True love immortal.

Act II, Sc. I.

October 10.

MEN.

You lovers are such clumsy summer-flies,
Forever buzzing in your lady's face.

Act IV, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Never,

Tho' you should queen me over all the
nations

. could I stoop so low

As mate with one that holds no love is pure,
No friendship sacred, values neither man
Nor woman save as tools — God help the
mark —

To his own unprincely ends.

Act IV, Sc. I.

The Foreseers.

October 11.

MEN.

He that pays not for his dinner must fight
for it.

Act IV, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

You, you

Who thought to buy your marrying me with
gold.

Marriage is of the soul, not of the body.

. but while

I breathe Heaven's air, and Heaven looks
down on me,

And smiles at my best meaning, I remain

Mistress of mine own self and mine own
soul.

Act IV, Sc. I.

October 12.

MEN.

The silent blessing of one honest man

Is heard in heaven — the wassail yells of
thief

And rogue and liar echo down in Hell,

And wake the Devil.

Act III, Sc. I.

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

Time! if his backward-working alchemy
Should change this gold to silver, why, the
silver
Were, dear as gold, the wrinkle as the
dimple.

Act IV, Sc. I.

October 13.

MEN.

You do well, Mistress Kate, to sing and
to gather roses.

You be fed with titbits, you, and we be
dogs that have only the bones, till we be
only bones our own selves.

Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

I am fed with titbits no more than you
are, but I keep a good heart and make the
most of it.

Act I, Sc. I.

October 14.

MEN.

Be not wroth at the dumb parchment.
Sufficient for the day, dear father!

Act I, Sc. II.

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

Love flew in at the window,

As Wealth walk'd in at the door.

"You have come, for you saw Wealth
coming," said I.

But he flutter'd his wings with a sweet
little cry.

"I'll cleave to you, rich or poor."

Wealth dropt out of the window,

Poverty crept thro' the door.

"Well, now, you would fain follow Wealth,"
said I,

But, he flutter'd his wings as he gave me the
lie,

"I cling to you all the more."

Act I, Sc. I.

October 15.

MEN.

Am I not thy friend?

Beware, man, lest thou lose thy faith in me.

Act I, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

If a man and a maid care for one another,
does it matter so much if the maid give the
first kiss?

Act I, Sc. I.

The Foresters.

October 16.

MEN.

There — there — be not a fool again.
Their aim is ever at that which flies highest.
Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Forget him — never.

Never!

Not while the swallow skims along the
ground,
And while the lark flies up and touches
heaven!
Not while the smoke floats from the cottage
roof,
And the white cloud is roll'd along the sky!
Not while the rivulet babbles by the door,
And the great breaker beats upon the beach!

Never —

Till nature, high and low, and great and
small,
Forgets herself, and all her loves and hates
Sink again into chaos.

Act I, Sc. II.

The Foresters.

October 17.

MEN.

If this life of ours
Be a good glad thing, why should we make
us merry
Because a year of it is gone? but Hope
Smiles from the threshold of the year to
come,
Whispering, "It will be happier," and old
faces
Press round us, and warm hands close with
warm hands,
And thro' the blood the wine leaps to the
brain
Like April sap to the topmost tree, that
shoots
New buds to heaven, whereon the throstle
rock'd,
Sings a new song to the new year — and you
Strike up a song.

Act I, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

She hath somewhat of the lioness in her.

Act I, Sc. II.

The Foresters.

October 18.

MEN.

Each man for his own.
Be thou their leader and they will all of them
Swarm to thy voice like bees to the brass
pan.

Act I, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

If he fancies that I fancy a man
Other than *him*, he is *not the man for me*.
Act III, Sc. I.

October 19.

MEN.

I am no more
Than plain man to plain man.
Act I, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

I am none of your delicate Norman maid-
ens who can only broider and mayhap ride
a-hawking with the help of the men. I can
bake and I can brew.

Act I, Sc. I.

The Foresters.

October 20.

MEN.

O the land! the land! my great, great, great grandfather, my great, great grandfather, my great grandfather, my grandfather and my own father — they were born and bred on it — it was their mother — they have trodden it for half a thousand years, and whenever I set my own foot on it I say to it, Thou art mine, and it answers, I am thine to the very heart of the earth — but now I have lost my gold . . . and I shall lose my land also.

Act I, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

Tit, for love and brevity,
Not for love of levity.

Act II, Sc. II.

October 21.

MEN.

More water goes by the mill than the miller wots of, and more goes to make right than I know of.

Act I, Sc. II.

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is
done,

And darkness rises from the fallen sun.

To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;

Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade
away.

To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be
past!

Sleep, happy soul! All life will sleep at last.

To sleep! to sleep!

Act I, Sc. III.

October 22.

MEN.

Why, what a cold grasp is thine — as if
thou didst repent thy courtesy even in the
doing it. That is no true man's hand.

Act I, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

Listen — overhead —

Fluting, and piping and luting, "Love,
love, love" —

The Foresters.

Those sweet tree-Cupids half-way up in
heaven,

The birds — would I were one of 'em! . . .

If my man-Robin were but a bird-Robin,

How happily would we tilt among the
leaves.

“ Love, love, love, love ” — what merry
madness — listen!

Act III, Sc. I.

October 23.

MEN.

It is my birthday.

.

My mother,

For whose sake, and the blessed queen of
Heaven,

I reverence all women, bade me, dying,

When'er this day should come about, to
carve

One lone hour from it, so to meditate

Upon my greater nearness to the birthday

Of the after-life, when all the sheeted dead

Are shaken from their stillness in the grave

By the last trumpet.

Am I worse or better?

Act II, Sc. I.

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

Thou art the very woman . . .

Thou comest a very angel out of heaven.

Act II, Sc. I.

October 24.

MEN.

The soul of the woods hath stricken thro'
my blood,

The love of freedom, the desire of God,

The hope of larger life hereafter.

Act II, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

True love and jealousy are twins,

And love is joyful, innocent, beautiful,

And jealousy is wither'd, sour and ugly;

Yet are they twins and always go together.

Act II, Sc. II.

October 25.

MEN.

Weak natures that impute

Themselves to their unlikes, and their own
want

Of manhood to their leader!

Act II, Sc. II

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

I never will speak word to thee again.
What? to mistrust the girl you say you love
Is to mistrust your own love for your girl!
How should you love if you mistrust your
love?

Act I, Sc. II.

October 26.

MEN.

“Dost thou not honor women?”

“I do, but I have a bad wife.”

“Then let her pass as an exception.”

Act III, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

The letter — O how often justice drowns
Between the law and letter of the law!

Act IV, Sc. I.

October 27.

MEN.

A truckler! A word-eating coward!

Act IV, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

When the church and the law have for-
gotten God's music, they shall dance to the

The Foresters.

music of the wild wood. Let the birds
sing, and do you dance to their song.

Act IV, Sc. I.

October 28.

MEN.

Richard's the king of courtesy,
For if he did me the good grace to kick me
I could but sneak and smile and call it
courtesy,
For he's a king!
And that is only courtesy by courtesy.

Act IV, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Ay, the sheriff, father,
Would buy me for a thousand marks in
gold —
Sell me again perchance for twice as much.
A woman's heart is but a little thing,
Much lighter than a thousand marks in
gold.

Act IV, Sc. I.

October 29.

MEN.

He may be a prince; he is not a gentleman!

Act IV, Sc. I.

The Foresters.

WOMEN.

I am but the echo of the lips of love.

Act IV, Sc. I.

October 30.

MEN.

I am a true believer in true love myself.

Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

“ My lady, will you answer me a question?
A question that every true man asks of a
woman once in his life.”

Act I, Sc. II.

October 31.

MEN.

He has a heart of flint,
Hard as the stones. . . .

Act I, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

All prize thee, honor, worship thee. . . .

.
She is my queen and thine.

.
Act II, Sc. II.

November.

Becket.

The Cup.

The Falcon.

Men are God's trees, and women are God's flowers.

Becket—Prologue.

Becket.

November 1.

MEN.

If a man
Wastes himself among women, how should
he love

A woman as a woman should be loved?

Becket — Prologue.

WOMEN.

Daughter, daughter,
Deal not with things you know not.

Act V, Sc. II.

November 2.

MEN.

A man may take good counsel,
Ev'n from his foe.

Act V, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

The fondest pair of doves will jar,
Ev'n in a cage of gold.

Act IV, Sc. II.

November 3.

MEN.

Valor and holy life should go together.

Act V, Sc. II.

Becket.

WOMEN.

I have pleasure in the pleasure of crowds,
and to read the faces of men at a great
show.

Act III, Sc. III.

November 4.

MEN.

Sudden change is a house on sand;

When fear creeps in at the front, honesty
steals out at the back.

Act III, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

No — no gold. Mother says gold spoils
all. Love is the only gold.

Act IV, Sc. I.

November 5.

MEN.

His fine-cut face bowing and beaming
with all that courtesy which has less loyalty
in it than the backward scrape of the clown's
heel.

Act III, Sc. III.

Becket.

WOMEN.

Go — clouding up
That fatal star, thy Beauty, from the squint
. . . And glare of malice.

Act II, Sc. I.

November 6.

MEN.

Men tire of their fancies.

Prologue.

WOMEN.

My voice is harsh — not in tune, a night-
ingale out of season, for marriage, rose or
no rose, has killed the golden violet.

Prologue.

November 7.

MEN.

Speak without stammering and like a free
man.

Act I, Sc. IV.

WOMEN.

Is strength less strong when hand-in-hand
with grace?

Act V, Sc. II.

Becket.

November 8.

MEN.

Words! he will wriggle out of them like an
eel,
When the time serves.

Act II, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

Her — what her? he hinted of some her
When he was here before —
Something that would displease me.
Hath he stray'd
From love's clear path into the common
bush,
And, being scratch'd, returns to his true
rose,
Who hath not thorns enough to prick him
for it,
Ev'n with a word?

Act III, Sc. I.

November 9.

MEN.

Our good Henry
Says many a thing in sudden heat which he

Becket.

Gainsays by next sunrising — often ready
To tear himself for having said as much.

Act IV, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

We are self uncertain creatures, and we may,
Yea, even when we know not, mix our spites
And private hates with our defense of
Heaven.

Act V, Sc. II.

November 10.

MEN.

He meant what he said to-day, who shall
vouch for his to-morrows?

Act III, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

The crowd that hungers for a crown in
Heaven
Is my true king.

Act II, Sc. II.

November 11.

MEN.

How much we lose, we celibates,
Lacking the love of woman and of child.

Act V, Sc. II.

Becket.

WOMEN.

Of your wives you shall
Find one . . .
So charged with tongues, that every thread
of thought
Is broken ere it joins — a shrew to boot.

One slow, fat, white, a burthen of the
hearth,
And one that being thwarted, ever swoons
And weeps herself into the place of power.

So rare the household honey-making bee,
Man's help.

Act V, Sc. II.

November 12.

MEN.

We are sinners all,
The best of all not all-prepared to die.

Act V, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

Let it content you now,
There is no woman that I love so well,
No woman but should be content with that.

Act III, Sc. I.

Becket.

November 13.

MEN.

Fame? What care I for fame? Spite, ignorance, envy;

Yea, honesty, too, paint her what way they will.

Fame of to-day is infamy to-morrow;

Infamy of to-day is fame to-morrow;

And round and round again.

Act II, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

“Thou art manlike, perfect.”

“Ay, ay, no doubt; and were I humpt behind

Thou'd say as much — the goodly way of women

Who love, for which I love them.

Act II, Sc. I.

November 14.

MEN.

The lightnings that we think are only Heaven's

Flash sometimes out of earth against the heavens.

Becket.

The soldier, when he lets his whole self go,
Lost in the common good, the common
wrong,
Strikes truest ev'n for his own self.

Act V, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

Thou rose of the world!
Thou rose of all the roses!

Act II, Sc. I.

November 15.

MEN.

A perilous game
For man to play with God.

Act II, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

Love that can shape or shatter a life till
the life shall have fled.

Act II, Sc. I.

November 16.

MEN.

He loses half the meed of martyrdom
Who will be martyr when he might escape.

Act V, Sc. III.

Becket.

WOMEN.

I once was out . . .
. . . . And we came upon
A wild-fowl sitting on her nest, so still
I reach'd my hand and touch'd; she did not
stir.
The snow had frozen round her, and she
sat
Stone-dead upon a heap of ice-cold eggs.
Look how this love, this mother, runs thro'
all
The world God made — even the beast —
the bird!

Act V, Sc. III.

November 17.

MEN.

Give to the king the things that are the
king's,
And those of God to God.

.
. . . . I would stand
Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith,
First of the foremost of their files, who die

Becket.

For God, to people Heaven in the great day
When God makes up his jewels.

Act V, Sc. III.

WOMEN.

Who but the bridegroom dares to judge
the bride?

Act I, Sc. III.

November 18.

MEN.

He warmed you to-day, and you have
chilled him again. Yet you both love God.
Agree with him quickly again. . . . I hate
a split between old friendships.

Act II, Sc. II.

WOMEN.

I am so tender to all hardness.

Act I, Sc. I.

November 19.

MEN.

Doth not the fewness of anything make
the fulness of it in estimation? Is not virtue
prized mainly for its rarity and great base-
ness loathed as an exception?

Act III, Sc. III.

Becket.

WOMEN.

Winter sunshine!

Beware of opening out thy bosom to it,
Lest thou — should catch
An after ague-fit of trembling.

Act III, Sc. III.

November 20.

MEN.

That palate is insane which cannot tell a
good dish from a bad, new wine from old.

Prologue.

WOMEN.

I have lived, poor bird, from cage to cage,
and known
Nothing but him — happy to know no more,
So that he loved me —and he loves me —
yes,
And bound me by his love to secrecy
Till his own time.

Act III, Sc. I.

November 21.

MEN.

Who misuses a dog would misuse a child
— they cannot speak for themselves.

Act I, Sc. IV.

Becket.

WOMEN.

I have none but you.
The brook's voice is not yours, and no
flower, not
The sun himself, should he be changed to
one,
Could shine away the darkness of that gap
Left by the lack of love.

Act III, Sc. I.

November 22.

MEN.

God makes not thee, but thy foes fall.

Act I, Sc. I.

WOMEN.

Our mother'll sing me old songs by the
hour, God help her. She had 'em from her
mother, and her mother from her mother
back and back for ever so long.

Act III, Sc. I.

November 23.

MEN.

He speaks to a noble as tho' he were a
churl, and to a churl as if he were a noble.
Pride of the plebeian!

Prologue.

Becket.

WOMEN.

On the face, the brow, clear innocence!
Vein'd marble, not a furrow yet.

Act II, Sc. I.

November 24.

MEN.

I left him with peace on his face — that
sweet other-world smile which will be re-
flected in the spiritual body among the
angels.

Prologue.

WOMEN.

Rainbow, stay,
Gleam upon gleam,
Bright as my dower,
Rainbow, stay!
But it passes away,
Gleam upon gleam,
Dark as my doom —
O rainbow, stay.

Act III, Sc. I.

November 25.

MEN.

Well, well, old men must die, or the world

The Falcon.

would grow mouldy, would only breed the
past again.

Prologue.

WOMEN.

She, my true heart-wife —
She whom I love, indeed,
As a woman should be loved.

Prologue.

November 26.

MEN.

Here has our master been a-glorifying
and a-velveting and a-silking himself, and
a-peacocking and a-spreading to catch her
eye for a dozen years, till he hasn't an eye
left in his tail to flourish among the peahens.

The Falcon.

WOMEN.

I would you had a son!
It might be easier then for you to make
Allowance for a mother.

The Falcon.

November 27.

MEN.

Better a man without riches than riches
without a man.

The Falcon.

The Cup.

WOMEN.

Ah, the woman, the woman! . . .
you that have the face of an angel and the
heart of a — that's too positive! You that
have a score of lovers and have not a heart
for any of them — that's positive-negative;
you that have not the head of a toad, and
not a heart like the jewel of it — that's
too negative; you that have a cheek like a
peach and a heart like a stone in it —
that's positive again — that's better.

The Falcon.

November 28.

MEN.

He comes, a rough, bluff, simple-looking
fellow,
If we may judge the kernel by the husk;
Not one to keep a woman's fealty, when
Assailed by Craft and Love.

The Cup.

WOMEN.

The bust of Juno and the brows and eyes
Of Venus; face and form unmatchable.

The Cup.

The Cup.

November 29.

MEN.

Lords are not always what they seem.

The Cup.

WOMEN.

The lark first takes the sunlight on his wing,
But you, twin sister of the morning star,
Forelead the sun.

The Cup.

November 30.

MEN.

It is the one step in the dark beyond
Our expectation that amazes us.

The Cup.

WOMEN.

The loveliest life that ever drew the light
From heaven to brood upon her, and enrich
Earth with her shadow!

The Cup.

December.

Miscellaneous.

Tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar.

Crossing the Bar

Miscellaneous.

December 1.

MEN.

Vice sometimes appears as the shadow of
Idleness.

Fragment.

WOMEN.

You, that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Call your poor to regale with you,
All the lowly, the destitute,
Make their neighborhood healthfuller,
Give your gold to the hospital,
Let the weary be comforted,
Let the needy be banqueted,
Let the maim'd in heart rejoice.

On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

December 2.

MEN.

Raving politics, never at rest — as this
poor earth's pale history runs,
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the
gleam of a million million of suns?

Vastness.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

Nothing of the lawless . . .
Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious,
All is gracious, gentle, great and queenly.
On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

December 3.

MEN.

Beware of breaking up the soil of any
Faith, when you have no better seed to sow.
Fragment.

WOMEN.

Hope is the kiss of the Future.
Fragment.

December 4.

MEN.

I . . . would teach the man
Beyond the darker hours to see the bright,
That his fresh life may close as it began,
The still-fulfilling promise of a light
Narrowing the bounds of night.
The Progress of Spring.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

Mellow moon of heaven,
Bright in blue,
Moon of married hearts,
Hear me, you!

Twelve times in the year
Bring me bliss,
Globing Honey Moons
Bright as this.

The Ring.

December 5.

MEN.

Well roars the storm to those who hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

Fragment.

WOMEN.

A face

Most starry-fair, but kindled from within
As 'twere with dawn.

The Lover's Tale.

December 6.

MEN.

A soul that, watch'd from earliest youth,
And on through many a brightening year,

Miscellaneous.

Had never swerved for craft or fear
By one side-path, from simple truth.
To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

WOMEN.

Birds and brides must leave the nest,
Child, I am happier in your happiness,
Than in mine own.
The Ring.

December 7.

MEN.

While I communed with my truest self
I woke to all of truest in myself.
The Ring.

WOMEN.

A good woman is a wondrous creature,
cleaving to the right and the good in all
change; lovely in her youthful comeliness,
lovely all her life long in comeliness of
heart.
Fragment.

December 8.

MAN.

Bitterness of any sort becomes not the
sons of Adam, still less pride, for they are

Miscellaneous.

in that talk of theirs for the most part but
as children babbling in the market-place.

Fragment.

WOMEN.

A brief and terse style suits the man, but
the woman is well when she deals in words.

Fragment.

December 9.

MEN.

I think public opinion much more likely
to be influenced by steady firm action than
by much talking and acting.

Fragment.

WOMEN.

Woman knoäws too much now-a-daäy.

The Northern Cobbler.

December 10.

MEN.

I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer, or
none;

For I am emptier than a friar's brains;
But God is with me in this wilderness.

.

Miscellaneous.

And God's free air, and hope of better
things.

Lord Cobham.

WOMEN.

My God, I would not live
Save that I think this gross-hard, scorning
world
Is our misshaping vision of the Power
Behind the world, that makes our griefs our
gains.

The Sisters.

December 11.

MEN.

A surface man of many theories,
And yet not true to one; whose whims
were meant
For virtue's servants, but that heart of his
Hard, and the slave of vice; and he would
weep
For ills himself had practiced on another,
At some sad tale of wrong, and do the wrong
He wept for, till the very wrong itself
Had found him out.

The Promise of May.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

May the life, which, heart in heart, you live
With him you love, be cloudless and be long.

Fragment.

December 12.

MEN.

A simple lesson might he learn
Who reads thy gradual process, Holy
Spring.

Thy leaves possess the seasons in their turn,
And in their time the warblers rise on
wing.

How surely glidest thou from March to May,
And changest, breathing it, the sullen wind,
Thy scope of operation day by day,
Larger and fuller, like the human mind!

Thy warmths from bud to bud
Accomplish that blind model in the seed,
And men have hopes, which race the rest-
less blood,

That after many changes may succeed
Life, which is Life indeed.

The Progress of Spring.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

That world of perfect chrysolite, a pure
and noble heart.

Fragment.

December 13.

MEN.

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose;
nor can we pass current in a higher college,
if we do not undergo the tedium of education
in this lower one.

Fragment.

WOMEN.

He saw

.
Damsels in divers colors like the cloud
Of sunset and sunrise.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

December 14.

MEN.

While he gazed,
The beauty of her flesh abash'd the boy,
As tho' it were the beauty of her soul;
For as the base man, judging of the good,

Miscellaneous.

Puts his own baseness in him by default
Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend
All the young beauty of his own soul to hers,
Believing her; and when she spake to him,
Stammer'd, and could not make a reply.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

WOMEN.

For large her violet eyes look'd, and her
bloom
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens,
And round her limbs, mature in womanhood,
And slender was her hand and small in
shape,
And but for those large eyes, the haunts of
scorn,
She might have seem'd a toy to trifle with
And pass, and care no more.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

December 15.

MEN.

The high doors
Were softly sunder'd, and thro' these a
youth,

Miscellaneous.

Pelleas, and the sweet smell of the fields
Past, and the sunshine came along with him.

And since he loved all maidens, but no maid
In special, he whisper'd, "Where?
Where? I love thee, tho' I know thee not."

Pelleas and Ettarre.

WOMEN.

While they rode, the meaning in his eyes,
His tenderness of manner, and chaste arm,
His broken utterances and bashfulness,
Were all a burden to her, and in her heart
She mutter'd, "I have lighted on a fool,
Raw, yet so stale." But since her mind
was bent

On hearing, after trumpet blown, her name
And title, "Queen of Beauty," in the lists
Cried — and beholding him so strong, she
thought

That peradventure he will fight for me
And win the circlet, therefore flatter'd him,
Being so gracious, that he well-nigh deem'd
His wish by hers was echo'd.

Pelleas and Ettarre.

Miscellaneous.

December 16.

MEN.

Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest
hero of song,
And each of them liefer had died than have
done one another a wrong.

The Voyage of Maeldune.

WOMEN.

Love will go by contrast as by likes.

The Sisters.

December 17.

MEN.

As a general rule, I think it wisest in a
man to do his work in the world as quietly
and as well as he can, without much heed-
ing the praise or the dispraise.

Fragment.

WOMEN.

Divine Tranquillity,
Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise.

Lucretius.

Miscellaneous.

December 18.

MEN.

He

Who loves war for war's own sake
Is fool, or crazed, or worse.

The Charge of the Heavy Brigade.

WOMEN.

"O soul of little faith, slow to believe!
Have I not been about thee from thy birth?

Columbus.

December 19.

MEN.

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs
after many a vanish'd face.

Vastness.

WOMEN.

'The light of other life, which lives
Beyond our burial and our buried eyes,
Gleam'd for a moment in her own on
earth.

The Ring.

Miscellaneous.

December 20.

MEN.

Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt,
being true as he was brave;
Good, for good is good, he follow'd, yet he
looked beyond the grave!
Truth for Truth, and good for good! The
Good, the True, the Pure, the Just!
Take the charm "Forever" from them and
they crumble into dust.

Lockley Hall Sixty Years After.

WOMEN.

Did he know her worth,
Her beauty even. Should he not be taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard?

The Golden Supper.

December 21.

MEN.

Hold thou, my friend, no lesser life in scorn,
All Nature is the womb where man is born.

Fragment.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

O true and tried . . .
Demand not thou a marriage lay,
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.
In Memoriam.

December 22.

MEN.

What we have to bear in mind is that,
even in a Republic, there must be a guiding
hand. Men of education, weight and wis-
dom must continue to come forward. They
who will not be ruled by the rudder will in
the end be ruled by the rock.

Fragment.

WOMEN.

She heard,
Heard, and not heard him; as the village
girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her;
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

Enoch Arden.

Miscellaneous.

December 23.

MEN.

I have fought for Queen and Faith like a
valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound
to do.

Revenge.

WOMEN.

O Love, O Hope!
They come, they crowd upon me all at
once —
Moved from the cloud of unforgotten things
That sometimes on the horizon of the mind
Lies folded. . . .

The Lover's Tale.

December 24.

MEN.

Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that
Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the
silent opener of the gate.

Fragment.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

If you fear,
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor
holds.

Enoch Arden.

December 25.

MEN.

A man's ideal
Is high in Heaven . . .
. . . Not findable here.

The Sisters.

WOMEN.

God help the wrinkled children that are
Christ's,
As well as the plump cheek. . . .

The Sisters.

December 26.

MEN.

Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live.

Enoch Arden.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

Even now the Goddess of the Past, that
takes
The heart, and sometimes touches but one
string
That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes
Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd
chords
To some old melody, begins to play
The air which pleased her first.

The Lover's Tale.

December 27.

MEN.

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Praying from a living source with in the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sun,
Kept him a living soul.

Enoch Arden.

WOMEN.

Prayer on our part is the highest aspiration
of the soul.

Fragment.

Miscellaneous.

December 28.

MEN.

Evil must come upon us headlong, if
morality tries to get on without religion.

Fragment

WOMEN.

She was dark-hair'd, dark-eyed;
Oh, such dark eyes! A single glance of
them
Will govern a whole life from birth to death,
Careless of all things else, led on with light
In trances and in visions, look at them
You lose yourself in utter ignorance;
You cannot find their depth, for they go
back,
And farther back, and still withhold them-
selves
Quite into the deep soul.

The Lover's Tale.

December 29.

MEN.

The old order changeth, yielding place to
new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways.

Fragment.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
thy voice
Rise like a fountain night and day.

Fragment.

December 30.

MEN.

"My friends await me yonder?" "Yes."
"Lead on then. Up the mountain?"
"Is it far?"
"Not far." "Climb first and reach me
down thy hand."

Lord Cobham.

WOMEN.

Love is the highest we feel, therefore we
must believe that God is Love. We cannot
but believe that the creature is infinite,
if God is infinite.

Fragment.

December 31.

MEN.

When the outer lights are darken'd . . .
The memory's vision hath a keener edge.

The Lover's Tale.

Miscellaneous.

WOMEN.

The Present is the vassal of the Past;
So that in that I *have* lived, do I live,
And cannot die, and am, in having been —
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to-day.

The Lover's Tale.

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Tennyson Alfred Tennyson
Alfred

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